THE ETERNAL SPIRIT IN THE DAILY ROUND

FRANK CARLETON DOAN

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The
Eternal Spirit
in the
Daily Round

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THE ETERNAL SPIRIT IN THE DAILY ROUND

MEDITATIONS FOR THE MODERN MIND

BY

FRANK CARLETON DOAN, PH.D.

Author of "Religion and the Modern Mind"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS

AND A PREFACE BY

HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT

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IN THE DAILY ROUND
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FIRST EDITION
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TO

S. S.

"IN THE LIGHT OF LIGHTS FOREVER."

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

JUN 22 1961

Preface

THE AUTHOR of this book died on May 14, 1927, only a short time after the manuscript was completed. His friends, among them many former students, will welcome this harvest of his mature years. All too early he paid the penalty of the over-strenuous exertions of an active career, but there was a certain completeness about his life. His faith and his philosophy were tested by baffling illness, by the interruption of a fruitful ministry, and by the restriction of his movements and his energy; but so nobly did he meet the test that he left to his friends an unspoiled example of cheerful fortitude. Always, to the end, there was the greater concern for others, always the smile and the playfulness of a kindly humor, always courage to "greet the unseen with a cheer." He lived the life of serenity and strength which this volume is intended to help others achieve for themselves.

Frank Carleton Doan was born of Quaker stock on February 13, 1877. A graduate of Ohio State University, he pursued advanced studies at Harvard University and received the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. His active life was

spent partly as a professor of philosophy at Ohio State University and at Meadville Theological School, partly as a minister in Summit, N. J., Iowa City, Ia., and Rochester, N. Y. He had a great gift for friendship, and wherever the young heard him they recognized one who understood their problems and dealt faithfully and sincerely with their perplexities.

The formation of a fellowship of men and women to join daily in a Quarter Hour Silence, which Dr. Doan describes in his Foreword, was characteristic of the man. He passed on to others a fertile suggestion but he sought no recognition, created no personal following, made no attempt to fix and formulate the character of the enterprise in any words, promoted no scheme that would perpetuate his name. Of the many who wrote to him in enthusiastic appreciation of the plan, and whom he helped with counsel and encouragement, the names of relatively few are still preserved among his papers. Those who now publish this book, the fruits of his own exploration of meditative silence, send it out in the hope that it will find its way into the hands of many who welcomed his leadership in the devotional life.

Characteristic also is the sincere use to to which Dr. Doan puts the tried and tradi-

tional methods of daily devotion. The fact that he could not with complete veracity appropriate the language of ancient prayers and mystical meditations did not make him the less appreciative of the reality of the experience which they enshrine. While he could not use their words, he sought the illumination which had come to those who wrote them. He was a wise householder who could bring forth from his treasure house things new and old, never the new for the sake of novelty, never the old for the sake of antiquity, but either or both at any time if they really were treasures of the spirit.

Dr. Crothers, who wrote the Introduction for this book, has not lived to welcome its publication. He and its author were much alike in the way they combined a passion for utter sincerity of speech with a childlike intuition into things that speech can only haltingly describe. One of the Meditations found within voices for us our faith that they have not lived in vain nor gone out into the darkness of night. "Awake, O my soul, awake! Enter thou fully and freely into that same Spirit of Ascension in which thou hast this long while been living and moving and finding thy life. Arise, on wings of thy spirit arise! Go forth, rising

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above and beyond all bounds of space and time, into the boundless Presence of the Eternal! Go forth to put on more and more of justice, more and more of joy, more and more of wisdom, more and more of love, more and more of immortality, forever, for evermore!"

HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT.

Dartmouth College,
December 7, 1927.

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THE WAY OF SILENCE

A Foreword

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The Way of Silence

A FOREWORD

A FEW years ago—in the New Year of 1917, to be exact—the author of this little book of meditations sent out a privately printed leaflet designed to convey the season's greetings to certain of his personal friends. In this little folder he suggested that by way of a resolution for the New Year and for all time thereafter he and they should engage to spend a few moments of each day in quiet meditation. Withdrawing, each of us into the silence of his own heart, we were to enter daily into the presence of that Eternal Spirit who inhabiteth these secret places of every human soul. We were to seek, and by seeking find, something of the strength and wisdom and beauty which are there and to exemplify the same in all our daily rounds. We were to form together a purely "spiritual body"—a fellowship of kindred souls. There were to be no outer forms to this fellowship, no organization whatsoever, no headquarters, no constitution, no officers, no meetings, no dues. Its purpose? This daily retreat into the silence, it was hoped and ex-

pected, would serve to bring order and peace into the chaos and unquiet of these racketing twentieth-century lives of ours. Each day a few moments of "stock-taking," a brief season of pause to get one's bearings, a time and place of vision in which to see one's daily round in the Light of the Eternal; and then back into the workaday world once more, only with a surer sense now of the soul's direction in the midst of its confusion of tiresome duties and monotonous demands and with an unwonted sense of confidence in oneself and of joy in living. This was to be the one purpose of our "silent fellowship" together.

How urgent is the need to-day of this regular daily exercising of the powers of the spirit, how conscious of that need all sorts and conditions of men have become in the last quarter-century and how eager they are in these latter years of seeming darkness to find and to follow the Light of the Eternal within; how wide-felt is this restlessness of spirit and sense of spiritual want—all this is abundantly evidenced by the astonishing growth of this movement of the spirit since its simple beginning only ten short years ago. The "fellowship" has reached out beyond that first circle of personal friends to touch the lives of many men

and women unknown to one another. Several new editions of the little leaflet have been printed to meet the frequent calls for copies. People learning of the movement by more or less accidental word of mouth, and without even the formality of "joining" the fellowship, have entered into its practice of daily meditation. Understanding souls have appeared outside this country—a goodly number in Canada and England, and a few in Germany and Austria. All these are "kindred" in the sense that they are drawn together by a common longing to find light upon the daily round, a common desire to see through the Unseen to the Eternal Ways of the Spirit.

In these few years since its beginning the members of this fellowship have developed out of their own experiences in this way of meditation—their failures, their successes—what may almost be called a "technique" for following in that way. In general they soon discovered that living one's daily round in the Light of the Eternal is an art—the finest of all the fine arts. As is the case with all arts, there is a right and a wrong way of practicing it. There are rules to be observed; a routine, monotonous at times but one which must be faithfully followed every day of one's life;

ideals to be kept constantly before one's inner mind, and objects never to be lost sight of if they are to be realized in one's outer mind.

It is indeed a stirring adventure, this progress of the soul in the way of meditation, this learning how to see all things temporal in the Light of the Eternal. The story of that adventure from novitiate to adeptship the author has told sketchily in several of the religious journals. He plans sometime later to write it out more fully and in the light of the still further experiences of these Comrades of the Inner Life. In brief, it is the story of man's progress through the world of visible matter, his growing sense of the invisible purposes of his daily round, his increasing insight into the things that are unseen, his realization at last that what men loosely call the "material" and the "spiritual" are not two worlds, dual and hostile the one to the other, but that, as seen in this Light of the Eternal, they are single of purpose and friendly. The body, thus rightly understood, appears no longer as the soul's natural and hereditary enemy, but more like the soul's faithful retainer, serving well its day and then passing resignedly and peacefully away.

To tell that story here would lead us too far

astray from the central direction of this little book. The purpose of the meditations which follow is simply to show by their example how real the Eternal is—how near, how satisfying, how enlightening to anyone who will faithfully practice its Presence. For that practical purpose it is enough to say that every man who does enter thus into living communion with the Most High within his own soul discovers that the Eternal Spirit is not an abstract "idea" to be defined in words, analyzed, systematized, defended, but is an "experience" rather, the sufficient proof whereof is in the fact thereof—a reality to be felt and entered into and partaken of forever.

The reader will want to be told how he may himself learn to practice this art of meditation. The answer, in brief, is that the way to begin is to spend a few moments of each day reading the great classics of meditation; for example, the Psalms of David, Marcus Aurelius's *Thoughts,* Epictetus's *Discourses,* Augustine's *Confessions,* à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ,* Amiel's *Journal,* and others. Then after a few months of sitting thus daily at the feet of these masters the novice is prepared to start his own journal. Each day he should write in this journal the meditations of his

own heart, confiding to its pages the problems of his daily round and what solution he finds in the Silence, his defeats and what victories he sees ahead in the Light of the Eternal, his follies and what wisdom is his the moment he enters into the Quiet.

This little book is garnered from the author's own *Journal of Meditations*. They are, as it were, the first fruits of his cultivating of the fields of silence within his own soul. He now gives them as an offering to those who may be hungering these days after the "fruits of the Spirit": love, joy, peace, and such-like eternal things. This he does with a twofold hope in his heart: that those into whose hands these meditations may fall will find in the reading something of the joy, peace, and love he has felt in the daily writing of them; and that many readers of understanding heart may be moved to start, each his own journal, writing daily therein each in his own tongue, confiding to its pages the secret thoughts, the hopes, the longings, the aspirations, the convictions of his own soul. Thus entering each into his own Silence, the reader will gain his own consciousness of the quieting, quickening Presence of the Eternal in his daily way of life.

F. C. D.

THE WAY OF WISDOM

An Introduction

by

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, D.D., Litt.D.

The Way of Wisdom

AN INTRODUCTION

THERE are two ways of using the mind. One way is to treat it as an instrument of precision. It is a marvelous instrument and can be brought to a high degree of perfection. It can analyze, coördinate, concentrate. It can create new combinations and bring to pass new conditions. Its powers can be described in terms borrowed from mechanics. The mind is a tool. It can be tempered, sharpened, adjusted to its various uses. Intelligence can be subjected to quantitative tests. It can be rated according to its definite accomplishment.

But is this all that the mind can do? or rather, is it all that the mind *is?* When it is not planning, analyzing, condemning, approving, is it lying altogether idle? Or has it another function—that of perceiving realities which it does not create, and reflecting beauty and truth that it may not care to analyze or explain?

It has been an ancient belief that the mind is more than an instrument of precision. It has a mirror-like power to reflect the vast

realities that are about us. While it cannot define the mighty whole, it can feel it. "For Wisdom is more moving than any motion; she passeth through all things by reason of her pureness. She is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God and the image of His goodness, and being one she can do all things, and remaining in herself she maketh all things new, and in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God and prophets."

There are certain judgments which are not the result of accurate analysis of the several parts, but of the quiet contemplation of the whole. You stand on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and, looking down, are awestruck. You have no words to express the wonder that is in your mind. But *is* it wonderful? May not your feeling be exaggerated? You cannot argue the question. You open your eyes and the feeling comes. You are in the presence of a great reality and you yield yourself to its influence.

The great affirmations of religion are of this nature. They rest upon human experience. There is something which men have actually found in the universe which has kindled love, hope, worship. The great psalm in praise of

meditation gives us the experience that has been repeated in many generations. It is as natural as the growth of a tree planted near the watercourses. The tree sends its roots into the soil and finds there that which answers to its need. There is something in its nature that responds to the mysterious world to which it belongs. So it is, says the Hebrew poet, with the man who meditates on the divine law. Like the tree, he groweth, and bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

The practice of meditation, which once seemed natural, has suffered in modern times from two causes. The first and most obvious cause is the increased speed of modern life, which is supposed by its willing victims to leave no room for quiet contemplation. Personally, I am skeptical of the claim that people in general are more driven by their necessary work than were their forefathers. Most of us are like Chaucer's man of law who "seemed busier than he was." Moreover, we exaggerate the amount of time that it takes to refresh our minds with a wider view. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." If the hills are there and you have the habit of lifting up your eyes now and then, you will be surprised at the satisfaction that you receive. Your work will

not suffer from these soul-satisfying glimpses. If you are trudging along a road, your pace is not slackened because your eyes are open to the beauty of the landscape. Indeed, you jog on the footpath way all the better for having something pleasant to think about.

Our pride in our pressing engagements receives a jolt when we read the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius. His days in his camp on the Danube were devoted to solving the Balkan question and resisting the attacks upon the imperial frontier. He had little leisure in the evening, but he used it to recruit his spiritual powers for the coming day. "Impatience with anything means that you forget." So he made it a point every evening to remember the great purposes which gave unity and meaning to his life. He reserved some time in which he could commune with himself.

The second and more important reason for the neglect of meditation is its connection in our minds with morbid states of feeling. The word "introspection" has acquired a bad name. The "introvert" is often in danger of losing his balance and falling into a bog of self-pity. Mysticism is a word which is often used to describe what is really a pathological condition.

But why should meditation be identified with such abuses? Its real purpose is to clear the air. It is like opening the windows of the mind.

There is something a little absurd in the querulousness of many persons whom I would call idealists out of a job. They have a religious nature, but it is out of relation to the world they live in. They respond tremulously to the religion of the past and to the religion of the future, but they see nothing to reverence or enjoy in the present. They have lost all sense of the solemn beauty of the passing day. They are conscious only of a series of unpleasing incidents. Life is to be endured, not enjoyed. We all feel that way sometimes. What I object to is the assumption that it is a state of mind that should be made permanent, and that it indicates mental superiority. It is not a kind of austere realism. It is rather a temporary blindness to the august realities that are a part of our environment. These realities are simple and massive. When we shut them out of our consciousness, we harm ourselves, not them. The world is not less wonderful because I cease to wonder at it.

My perception of a beautiful object has an air of inevitability, as I stand in its presence

and allow it to make its own impression upon me. It *is* beautiful. My approval does not add anything to it or change its quality. But what if I refuse to look at it or give it only a scornful glance as I hurry on? It is still beautiful, but not for me. I have no part or lot in this matter. The outer facts are the same, but the inner response is lacking. The mountain is mirrored in the lake, but there is no reflection of its serenity in my mind. The only realities I allow myself to see, when I am in such a mood, are drab realities. My world is bleak and I pride myself in its bleakness. I say grimly to myself, I do not like it, but it is real.

Every one has experienced such moods. One who desires to escape from them begins to be interested in the experiences of others who have been in the same plight. There are spiritual exercises with which men have been long familiar which take on new significance. Out of his own need the man comes to have an understanding of the familiar practices of religion. He had dismissed prayer as a kind of magic, a petition to some distant power to intervene in his behalf and do for him what he is not able or willing to do for himself. But

now he feels that it is not miraculous intervention that he needs. It is something more natural and intimate. He needs to have a better understanding of the resources which are already his. Here they are. Why not use them? He has prayed, "Who will show me any good?" The answer to his demand is not a miracle. The good is already here if he will only look at it. The trivial, the sordid and the ugly actualities are also here and have made themselves the center of his interest. He has fallen into bad habits, and he must re-educate himself. He must deliberately turn his mind to the contemplation of the great realities. It is not easy to establish the habit of fruitful meditation.

> For each day hath its petty dust
> Our soon choked souls to fill,
> And we forget because we must
> And not because we will.

Dr. Doan has no metaphysical theory to propound or defend. He believes that we ought so to plan our day that we shall have some moments when we can escape from the petty dust into a purer atmosphere of thought and feeling. It is at such times that

The Eternal Spirit

A lost pulse of feeling stirs again,
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean we say and what we would we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

* * *

An unwonted calm pervades his breast,
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose
And the sea where it goes.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS.

PART ONE

The Daily Round

I. EARLY MORNING
II. HIGH NOON
III. NIGHT WATCHES

I

EARLY MORNING

I. Awake, O My Soul
II. A Lamp of the Spirit
III. In That Presence
IV. Up! O My Soul, Rejoice This Morn!
V. The Common Life: The Common Round

I

AWAKE, O MY SOUL!

To be said by one who on opening his eyes in the morning dawn would fain see a Great Light.

AWAKE, O my soul! The day dawns fair. Awake! Draw aside from thy spirit the hangings of heavy sleep, and look forth, look forth! Behold a Light is everywhere breaking for thee,—that Light which lightens every man who truly waketh in the morning. Look through all thy soul-windows now, to the east, for it is there, to the west, to the north, to the south, for it is likewise there! A great Light without compass, abundant as coming from the Everywhere, timeless as coming from the Eternal, a great Light, steady, soft-glowing, is pouring itself out into the four quarters of the earth! For thee, for thee! Awake, O my soul! Throw open the windows of thy spirit, now, now! and that Light will come flooding in! It will illumine the darkest corners of thy mind with its Wisdom. It will suffuse and quiet the most secret places of thy heart with its Peace. Look forth, O my soul, and survey that Light with wonder! Go forth and enter into it with confidence and great joy!

II

A LAMP OF THE SPIRIT

To be said by one who would fain become himself as a Light to lighten his world.

IN THINE innermost chamber, O my soul, there stands a Lamp of the Spirit. All through the night-watches, whilst deep sleep has covered thy fleshly parts as with a darkness, that Lamp has kept its Light soft-glowing within thee. And thou didst know it not, neither didst thou comprehend it!

And now the day is at the dawn! Life, with its day-season of labor, service, and love, is awaiting thee without. O my soul, forbid that that Light should grow dim within thee, or at any moment during these on-coming waking hours flicker out. Let not thy counsels be darkened with unwisdom, nor thy feet led astray by any of the fair-seeming illusions of this present time, nor thy heart weighed down by any heaviness of spirit. Go forth, thou, into the day-watches, highly resolved that all this livelong day thou shalt keep that Lamp within trimmed and brightly burning, filled with the oil of joy, burnished with kindly deeds, radiant with good will.

III

IN THAT PRESENCE

To be said by one who, awaking with the sense of a beautiful Presence round about him, would fain continue in that Presence all day long.

ANOTHER dawn is here, another day begins its rounds. Again the great Highway of Life stretches out beautiful before thee, O my soul. Gently it is inviting thee away from the dead Past, luring thee along through the living Present, urging thee on into the untried Future. Yes, the day dawns beautiful for thee, O my soul. Ah, how beautiful! The Light of a great Presence brighteneth all the path before thee. It giveth thee to know wisdom in thine inner parts. It filleth thee in all thy ways with a peace which passeth all thine understanding.

Awake, awake in that Presence, O my soul! It will open thine eyes so thou shalt see the flowers among the weeds by the wayside, the inevitable weeds amid the ever-blooming flowers! Awake, rise up early in that Presence. Go forth, long before the sun has turned the path to dust beneath thy feet. Arise, go forth,

and continue in that Presence all this day long. And then, even in the heat and burden of the noonday, that Presence will be still dropping "dews of quietness" upon thy spirit. A Spirit, as of eternal ease and calmness, will companion thee in every way. All day long thou shalt sing for joy, for very joy of living. For that Presence, O my soul, it is none other than the very Strength of thy strength, the very Joy of thy joy, the very Breath of life to thee.

IV

UP! O MY SOUL, REJOICE THIS MORN!

To be said by one who would fain add his spirit-voice to the universal chorus of Joy.

I

ALAS! does the day break dark upon thee, O my soul, the very hills o'erclouded, the valleys all befogged? And does Life itself, through this air of depression, seem to frown darkly upon thee, hard and forbidding? Nay, it is thine own darkened spirit casting its shadow all about thee; thine own hard heart, thine own forbidding self putting its blanket, wet with tears, its disfiguring stamp of heaviness, upon the sensitive, beautiful face of the world. This cloud of inward worries, fears, depressions, it is they that are troubling thy spirit; they, all of them quite groundless, futile, illusory, are befogging thee with their dark counsels.

Look! the day springs for joy all about thee. Listen! thou shalt hear the morning stars singing together, and the very trees shall clap their hands for joy. Look unto the distant hilltops!

Canst thou not fairly feel their joy, as the uprising sun touches them with its quickening warmth? Look into the valleys below! Do they not lie there as if just waiting, quietly, eagerly waiting for the gently awakening caress of that same quickening touch upon their dormant greenswards? Listen! thou shalt hear this selfsame note of joy in the matins of the birds singing their carols without thy window. Go forth! Men of understanding are passing without thee, hands outstretched to greet thee, eyes wanting to smile upon thee with a secret kind of love, unspoken, unspeakable! Thy dear comrades they are; waiting for thee to join them and fight by their side in humanity's cause of justice on the earth. Go forth now! On all sides children—the little lambs!—will fill thy heart to overflowing with their innocent joy as they go gamboling by, will instruct thy spirit with the wisdom of their prattle as they play, all seriously, in the street as thou passest by. Verily, only a child's wisdom could transfigure the whole world like this, transforming all its streets into paths of glory, and even its tenement-houses into veritable fairy-palaces! Surely only a child could enter like this into thine own darkened spirit, making thee to shine as the day, touching thine own

ugly, barren heart with its wand of wisdom, causing thee to blossom into beauty as a rose, to grow in strength as a fruitful tree! Come then, O my soul! Go forth to life with child-like joy!

II

Yea, a spirit of joy is abroad in the land, O my soul. Awake, attune thyself to this note of joy sounding all about thee. Look up at the morning stars, look away to the hills, look down into the valleys whose strength is their joy. Go to the birds and to the little children, and learn of them, whose secret is their innocent joy in living. Turn for understanding to thy friend whose joy is in his love for thee. Retire into thy chamber at last, and commune there with the Eternal whose joy is in thee! Go whithersoever thou wilt this day, O my soul! Everywhere attuning thy spirit to this note of joy! Look, go, rejoice all this day long!

Arise now, O my soul! Arise from thy bed of sorrow! Refreshed by this spirit of joy in which thou hast slept, all unconsciously, during the night watches, arise thou now and greet this new day with a song of conscious joy in thy heart! Go forth through the day-watches,

the often outwardly noisy day-watches, with an inward, understanding joy in living, as one who sings, "All's well. I am at one with the happy stars, the happy hills and valleys, the happy trees, the happy birds and children, the happy lovers of men. And all's well, all's well!"

III

What though thou shouldest return at nightfall, all weary and far-spent, sore hurt? Suffer thyself to come back as a little child, all tired out, little head bumped, little heart hurt; yes, but still glad, glad in the secret, deep-down knowledge that life is good for all that, and all's well! Or like a "happy warrior," humanity's ally, thy frame weary, thy heart wounded, thy spirit broken but undefeated, the joy of the battle still bravely singing within thee, and in thy soul the glad inner consciousness that after a night in bivouac thou shalt arise with joy in the morning! O my soul, my happy childlike soul, my happy warrior soul! Arise now, arise this morn and greet life with a smile of understanding joy, joy! Wonderful, wonderful, a whole world, lightened by this day-spring, is smiling upon thee and with open hand and heart inviting thee to go forth to life!

Shalt not thou, thou likewise, smile through all these unhappy frowns, letting this light dispel all thine inner darkness? Thou too, shalt thou not clap thy hands for very joy? Thou too, shalt thou not sing, together with thy dear comrades along the great highway of humanity? Yea, for very joy, joy, joy!

V

THE COMMON LIFE: THE COMMON ROUND

To be said by one who would fain lose his littler heart and life in the larger heart, the larger life of the Eternal.

I

Lo, A light is again breaking in the east! A Presence is calling thee to awake, O my soul, summoning thee out of thy death-like sleep, bidding thee arise, and walk and live another day. Ask not to be saved this day from any of the hard walks of life, nor to dwell in the company of those who would fain live a sheltered, protected life, care-free, indolent, easy-going, self-seeking. Pray, rather, that thou mayest live the common life this day, sharing in all the joys, entering into all the sorrows, shouting for all the victories, going down in all the defeats, stumbling in all the rough places, sauntering in all the smooth ways with thy fellow-men, thy dear comrades along the great broad highway of life.

II

My heart beats within me this day, O my soul, beats as if it would break for all the

sorrows of the world, as if it would burst with all this love it bears toward all mankind! I feel within me this morn the throbbing as it were of the great heart of humanity. Oh, that thou mightest embrace all thy fellow-men within thy spirit-arms, O my soul! Rejoice, rejoice! Know thou by these signs that thy heart, limited, earthbound though it be, is coming alive this day, is growing strong, is waxing tender, is surely entering into the sacred heart of the Eternal! This day and from henceforth forever thou shalt be lifted up, higher and higher in the Spirit, lifted up into this limitless, this Eternal Love; up, up beyond all bounds of time and space! Thy way shall stretch smooth before thee, henceforth forever, and with increasing beauty. Thou shalt become as an ensign to all other wayfaring men, sign and symbol to all thy dear comrades on the path of life, visible evidence of the Presence here among men of this all-pervading love of the Eternal. Wonderful, thou! In the Eternal Strength as it appears in thee, in its light as it shines through thee, they, thy fellow-travelers, shall also find strength, shall likewise see light. Invulnerable, thou! Seeing thee, they, too, shall conquer all. Pathfinder, thou! Following thee, they, too, shall find the way, the way

stretching straight, smooth, beautiful before all mankind. Demos, thou! They, too, asking no unearned increments, claiming no exemptions, praying for no special privileges—they likewise shall enter with thee into the common life and gladly share in its common lot. Together in the spirit, they and thou, ye shall all live, henceforth forever, in the common way.

Pray, enter thou into the common life this day, O my soul! Lose thy littler heart in this greater heart of our common humanity! In that way thou shalt find the way, the way stretching straight and smooth into the very heart of the Eternal.

. . . . . .

O, Thou unsearchable Heart of the Eternal, in Thy presence alone and in the love which is of Thee, can this heart of mine live with any joy, or move with any wisdom or have its being with any peace. Only by becoming one with Thy Sacred Heart can I ever be at one within myself! Come, O my soul, come with all thy brethren of the common life and together make thy common round in the knowledge of that larger Presence! Come, come! Together, together!

II

HIGH NOON

I. The Midday Pause
II. The Spirit of Ascension

I

THE MIDDAY PAUSE

To be said by one who may be bearing the heat and burden of the day.

It is high noon now, O my soul. The cool of the morning breezes has long since died down within thee. It is thine now to bear, as blithely as may be, the "heat and burden of the day." But alas, thou dost feel the wings of thy spirit beginning to droop. Thy flight, while still bravely onward, is slackening now; not straight upward in its course, as in the early dawn, but wavering now with fatigue, weary with a vast heaviness of spirit. A voice seems crying out within thee, "O, that I might find some cool nesting-place, somewhere far beyond this inner wilderness! Somewhere a resting-place for this weary spirit! Somewhere an abiding-place where I might stay me! Lift me, O Eternal! on Thine own wings—for mine are so far spent!—lift me into some heavenly place where I can abide forever, forever brooding there, comfortably, idly, silently brooding! I am so weary of these never-ending flights of my earthbound spirit. Ah, how

weary! Forever onward and upward they carry me, but with never any destination to requite me. Woe is me, I am so weary of it all! What to do? What to do?"

What to do? The thing to do, O thou hard-pressed soul, is just to pause here in this mid-day heat, and for the moment put off from thee this midday burden. Pause now, cool thy panting spirit, rest thy weary spirit-wings! And in this moment of pause remember thou that blitheness of spirit with which thou didst spread thy wings at early dawn! With what eagerness thou didst fly aloft, even as a lark who would penetrate with his spirit the blue empyrean! And with what a song in thy heart, as of one who would fill the whole earth with something of the joy of his upward flight! Pause thus, O my soul, and the morning-glow will catch thee up again, its blitheness of spirit will re-enter thee; and thou, even in despite of the heat and burden of the noon-day, shalt up and on again, with renewed confidence and with great expectation.

It is good for thee to pause also, and quiet thy restless spirit with anticipations of the contentment in which thou shalt return to thy resting-place and fold thy wings this night; proudly, as one who has flown a good flight,

yet humbly, as one who, having attained the heights, brings back to his earthly nesting-place the heavenly vision he beheld while there. One moment of such understanding foresight, and thou shalt be cooled of this noonday heat and lightened of these midday burdens. For thou shalt see, as in a vision, the coming night when, having kept bravely on, untiringly up, joyously up and on through the livelong day, thou shalt return to thy nesting-place at last. And looking back thence over the day's course, thou shalt say in thy heart, "Oh, it has been glorious, a glorious day's flight!" Pause thus, O my soul, here at high noon, pause! The spirit of the eventide itself will come to meet thee, to cover thee with its gloaming as with a cloud of quietness. And thou, though weary under the heat and burden of the day, shalt be strangely calmed and lifted up in the spirit. Thou shalt go forth again in strength and with great joy.

At noonday, one moment of recollected blitheness, one moment of foretasted peace! And then, on and up again, O my soul! What though the day be heat laden and its demands burdensome? It shall not strike thy spirit down with its heat, nor cause thee to waver with its heaviness. Thus refreshed by happy

memories, rejuvenated with happy anticipations, thou shalt up and on again.

II

Once having learned the wisdom of this noonday pause, O my soul, thou shalt nevermore dread to arise from thy soft nesting-place for the hard day's flight, nor ever again long to escape from life itself to some everlasting resting-place somewhere out in the great unknown. Nay, thy joy now shall be in the flight, the glorious flight! Thy peace now shall be to nest thee each night in the dreamless rest of a quiet and contented spirit. Learn to pause this noonday, O my soul! And tomorrow will dawn bright before thee. In its glory thou shalt be glorified. Thou shalt rise up to thy daily flight with a song in thy heart. Blitheness of spirit will sustain thee until the noonday. And then the gloaming, seen from afar, will lure thee on, lure thee with its foregleam of the contentment which is to be thine at the close of the day's flight. So the days shall come and go over thy blithe, contented spirit, one unbroken succession of flights, each day's ascent loftier than yesterday's, each night's peace deeper than yesternight's. Up, therefore, O my soul! On and up!

II

THE SPIRIT OF ASCENSION

To be said by one who feels the call of the spirit within him.

WHAT is this Something within thee, O my soul? This something restless which will not let thee linger in any by-way of life, though it be never so pleasant, this something unconquerable which keeps thy voice still defiant, though it be in the face of certain defeat, this something exhaustless which sustains thee, though thy spirit seem weary unto death? Whatever is this something within thee, O my soul?

Here it is high noon again. All the morning hours have gone over thy restless spirit. Thy projects, even the purest of them, have mostly ended in failure, miserable failure. Thy loftiest flights have fallen short, alas, how short, of thy highest aspirations! Here thou art at life's high noon, in the very meridian of thy round of existence, thy dearest wishes not yet come true, thy fondest hopes not yet fulfilled. But art thou defeated? Art thou cast down? Nay, not thou! Undiscouraged, undefeated,

I feel thee within, O my soul, pausing for a moment, restfully pausing, preparing my spirit for still loftier flights with which to fill the remaining hours of this half spent day, the remaining years of this half spent life of mine.

What *is* this strange something that will not let thee go, nor ever let thee rest? And where is its secret-place? Dost thou ask? It is Something immortal within thee, O my soul. Deep calling to deep, its still small voice speaking within, and thy voice, though faint yet unsilenced, answering. A spirit of ascension it is. Pure, untroubled, invulnerable, it is forever breathing its breath of immortal life into thine earth-born spirit, forever stirring thee, forever quickening thee. Ah, how it doth give wings to thy spirit so thou shalt nevermore be utterly cast down! How it awakes thee with its morning glow, so thou shalt arise and greet each new day with a song of joy in thy heart! And at high noon how it shades thee and calms thee, so the heat thereof shall never again cause thy spirit to droop within thee, nor the weariness thereof utterly cast thee down! How it strengthens thee and urges thee on and up, so thou shalt never leave thy day only half spent nor thy life only half lived!

This spirit of ascension, it is the very life

of thy life, O my soul. Commune with it, enter into its secret-place, commit thyself to its all-sustaining presence, and life will have no heat for thee any more, neither any burdens too grievous to be borne. Each day thou shalt spend thyself, all that day long, with ease and great joy! Each night thou shalt rest thee, all that night long, in peace and great contentment of spirit! Day by day, year after year, thou shalt continue in this spirit of ascension, putting on more and more of immortality, rising to high and yet higher altitudes of joy, to quieter and still quieter places of peace and contentment.

III

NIGHT WATCHES

I. Reckoning Before Sleep
II. Joyous Day: Quiet Night
III. Wisdom! My Night-Lamp, My Day-Light

I

RECKONING BEFORE SLEEP

To be said by one whose soul between folly and wisdom is divided against itself.

THE day is spent, O my soul, The hour of evening retrospect is at hand. As thou didst pause in the heat and hurry of the noonday sun, pause now again, here in the cool and quiet of the eventide. Of what account have these hours, now numbered with the past, been to thee? What goods, what riches, and of what sort, hast thou to show for them?

There is a place of the spirit, hidden in the unseen. Some call it a Judgment Hall; others a Council Chamber; still others, they of understanding heart, know it simply as the Secret Place of the Most High. Repair now, O my soul, to that place; and there, in unseen assemblage with others of thy kindred, thou shalt learn what the day has meant for thee. Have thy lines been cast in higher places this day, O my soul, or lower? How has the day been marked for thee, grey with hatred, with sadness? Or bright with service, love, joy? Make now thy reckoning. From the gain and the loss choose now what thou wilt cherish.

I

For some, alas, the hours have fled by, and their spirits have continued all day long, anxious, restless, headstrong, grubbing for food, digging for gold, scrambling for position. This to their sorrow, now that the day is done! See, how they pause there before the night closes in upon them; and, as in the silence of a great Presence, take account of the ill-spent day! In that Presence they understand at last how unprofitably all its hours have gone over their heedless souls! For all their eating of husks how hungry their spirits still are within them! For all their hoarding into barns how empty their souls, how wanting of all true riches! They see now; they pause penitent now in that Presence, their hearts very contrite within them.

Is it so with thee, O my soul? Art thou restless and cast down within me this night? Art thou conscience-stricken? Art thou kept awake in penitent sorrow by vain regrets? . . . Sleep, O thou penitent one, sleep! Hast thou not heard? The Eternal has no vengeance, no thought of malice to theeward; nor has that Spirit any least feeling of frustration in thee. Turn quietly now! From thy foolish froward

ways, turn thou inward to the Eternal, and in his secret-place thou shalt find a silent understanding of thy distraught spirit, an instant response to thy penitent cry, a quick healing for thy broken heart. Sleep, quietly sleep! A balm of understanding will come forth, as out of the night, to heal thy hurt spirit. Through the night-watches that Presence, shut out all day long by the barriers in thine own heart, will come and pervade thee, will enter into the very secret places of thy troubled spirit. And when thou awakest, that Presence shall still be within thee. And shalt thou find thyself forgiven? Nay, not forgiven, understood! No need of forgiveness. For the Eternal Presence feels thy human frame, how weak it is, thy human spirit how easily deceived by the appearances of things, thy human heart how prone to mistake earthly lust for heavenly love, and understands. And in that Presence all is well with thy penitent spirit.

II

For others, wiser men, this has been a day of eager contentment of spirit. Partaking of bread of life, drawing for all their wants upon the riches that lie stored in the Heart of the

Eternal, communing all day long, their spirits with that Spirit, these have moved quietly, helpfully, through the hours, a song of joy singing deep down in their understanding hearts.

Is it so with thee, O soul of mine? Is thy spirit uplifted within thee this night? Dost thou go to thy rest happy, conscience-clean, pure hearted, feeling the day well done, its duties well discharged, its service well performed, fulfilled with ease and great joy of spirit? Does life stretch beautiful before thee, its fair prospect alluring, its challenges ringing their call in thy spirit-ears, so that, foregoing sleep itself, thou wouldest fain continue even throughout the night-watches in this glorious way? A warrior, thou, whose meat and drink, it is to go on, day and night to go on, combating the forces of evil in this world, its injustices, hatreds, cruelties—whose untiring will it is to do the will of the Eternal! . . . Ah, yes, but remember, O my soul, remember that even the happy warrior must needs forsake the field by night, seek out his simple tent and rest for the morrow. Honorable wounds need healing. Yea, even the victorious must pause at times to consult the Captain of his soul, to learn the

whole lay of the land whither his victorious way is leading him. Even the faithful servant must at times consult the Master of his soul to learn where the world's need of him is greatest. To thy couch of renewal then, O, thou valiant soul! O, thou willing servant! Rest for the morrow! And e'en while thy body lies there, sleeping as one dead, the Eternal Presence, thy Captain-Master, will enter as a spirit into thy tented soul, and during the night-watches renew thy strength, broaden still further thy vision, deepen thine understanding with a still more abundant love. For strength, vision, love, these riches are ever there in the secret Place of the Most High.

III

This is life, O my soul! Motley humanity, some defeated and penitent, some victorious and peaceful! Life with its medley of victories, defeats, sorrows, joys! And now to sleep, thou, to sleep! Safe-folded in the Secret Place of the Most High, sleep thou. Very humble, thou, not weeping vain tears over thy defeats, nor yet vain-glorying in thy victories; not hiding thy face in shame from the presence

of the Eternal, nor yet hypocritically shouting from the house-tops thy thanks in the hearing of men—thanks that thou art not as they! Hast thou attained this day, O my soul? The more humble thou, then! Be glad! But glad in all true humility of spirit. Glad, deep down, that throughout this day thou hast felt the Eternal Power in thee and triumphed in that, glad that thou hast partaken of bread of life and art satisfied with that, glad that thou hast glimpsed the vision within thee and hast followed after that! Humble, humble, humble! Glad, glad, glad! Sleep in peace, O my soul! The spirit of self-seeking be dead within thee, the spirit of self-praise, dumb! Sleep through the night-watches! And in the morning thou shalt rise up, thy spirit-ears even wider open to the calls of thy fellow-men, thy spirit-eyes even more attentive to the vision, thy heart still more vocal with the song, the song of the happy warriors, the song of the joyous servants of humanity.

IV

Even so that spirit worketh in thee, O my soul! Day and night it worketh. Whether

thou be rich or poor in spirit, that spirit worketh! Nor shall it fail, nor shall it grow discouraged; not till thou hast found thy true life, thy true hearing, thy true seeing there in that Secret Place of the Most High.

II

JOYOUS DAY! QUIET NIGHT!

To be said by one who, with his daytime cup of joy still running over, goeth to his night-couch.

I

THE day is done. All its hours have gone over thee, O my soul. Ah, but it has been joyous!—a whole day of eager service, of outspoken love, of unspeakable contentment of spirit! Thou hast been very swift all this day long in thy response to every cry of thy needy, weakened, worsted fellow-travelers! Thy cup hath run over with joy, the joy of serving them, smoothing the way before them. So thou hast gone quietly, lovingly through all the day-watches, moving serenely in the company of thy dear comrades along the beautiful highway of life. Inwardly thy heart hath been singing a day-long song, a song not heard by any human ear. Inwardly thou hast seen a beatific vision, a vision not seen by any human eye.

And now the night is here. Enter thou into thy rest, O my soul, thy spirit gently pervaded with a blessed sense of an Eternal Presence!

Hush thou, as one who is cradled in a soothing silence. Hush, thou weary servant of men! Rest, thou quiet dreamer of dreams, thou deep seer of visions, thou day-dreamer! One moment of hearkening to the familiar spirit of the Eternal, as a still small voice speaking within thee its "Well done, well done, thou child of my joy, thou child of my dreams!" One moment of pause ere thou committest thy spirit to the night for its season of rest and renewal! One moment to renew the vision which has been thy stay and thy comfort during the day-watches. And then, to sleep, to sleep, O my soul! Be sure that self same spirit which has sustained and cheered thee during the day, will still attend thee through the night-watches. Yea, the spirit of joy, service, ascension, peace, shall never leave thee day or night. E'en while thou sleepest—the "slumber of oblivion" upon thy body, thy day eyes closed—that spirit will open still wider thy night eyes to heavenly visions. E'en while thine ears are closed against all the day noises it will make thee to hear heavenly harmonies. Yea, it will enter into this very body, while it lies here insensate upon its night couch. All through the night it will breathe into thee its own spirit of renewal, its own spirit of re-

juvenation, its own spirit of immortal life! And, lo, this body, thine earthly habitation, though it lie here deaf, dumb, blind, dead-asleep through all the night-hours, shall arise in the morning, awake, alert, alive again!

II

O Eternal Presence, stay thou, and continue to dwell in my soul during the on-coming night-watches! Thou, my true seeing; Thou, my real hearing; Thou, my immortal, quickening Spirit! See! Into Thy keeping I commit my spirit. Hear! I attune my spirit to Thy spirit. For I know; Thy deep answereth unto the deep within me, and I am inwardly assured that when I awake I shall be more nearly like unto Thee, O Eternal, nearer even than I have been on this day of joy and life! All through the night Thy spirit shall be renewing mine. And my soul shall arise to another dawn, full of the power of Thy spirit, aglow with Thy Love undying, serene in Thy peace eternal.

III

WISDOM! MY NIGHT-LAMP, MY DAY-LIGHT

To be said by any who would begin each day, and continue and end the same, in a spirit of wisdom.

THY wisdom is as a night-lamp, O Eternal Presence, soft-glowing within my soul even in the hours when deep sleep hangs like a darkness over me. And when I awake I am still with Thee. The light of Thy wisdom is still there, not diminished by this seeming blindness of sleep; increased manyfold rather, and ready to guide me through all the day-watches.

Yea, the day begins and ends in Thy continuing wisdom. Teach me to know this wisdom, O Eternal, and to find my true understanding by entering thereinto! Make me to consider it; day and night to lay it to heart! For except I be wise, and, first and last, enter into that light, all profitable ways of life shall be closed against me, all fair prospects cut off from the sight of my eyes. All my strength shall be weakness. My purposes, numberless though they be as the sands of the sea, shall be as shifting as the same. I shall be as driftwood

on the face of the waters, the troubled waters of my life, swept from port to port by every passing storm of life, washed from one isle to another of my little, inconstant desires, touching, it may be, at all the continents of this earth, but resting nowhere, nowhere finding any abiding place, nowhere any place of peace and contentment of soul.

Without the night-lamp of Thy wisdom, O Eternal, the day-light of Thy presence, the night has no rest for me, the morning no glow, the noontide nought but heat and hurry, the eventide only world-weariness and woe. And there is no health in me, no steadiness of purpose, no joy, no continuing life. Woebegone, I go on my several ways. My labor is in vain—yea, all, all is vanity! Round and round I go as in a circle, restlessly round and round but getting nowhere, my own soul growing more and more darkened within me. An endless round of follies, vices, vanities!

Deliver me, O Eternal, from this vicious circle, this weariness, this soul-death! Put Thy wisdom in my inward parts and deliver me from these follies which do so easily beset me, these passions which do so readily enslave me! Make me to begin each day, and continue and end the same in Thy light! Make me to

find my now circular ways in this Thy straight way of wisdom! Make me, O Eternal, even make me turn this froward will of mine from this outer darkness to this inward light! Then, ah then, each morning shall greet me fair with its glowing. The noontide shall find me laboring in joy, happy even in the heat of the midday sun. The evening shall invite me in its gloaming to lie down in cool and quiet places. For, lo, the heat and the cold, the darkness and the light, shall be both alike to me! I shall have found my life in Thy life, O Eternal, and all ways shall stretch quiet and beautiful before me.

PART TWO

The Ways of the Eternal

I. JOY! JOY!
II. STRENGTH! STRENGTH!
III. WISDOM! WISDOM!
IV. BEAUTY! BEAUTY!
V. FREEDOM! FREEDOM!
VI. SON OF MAN! SON OF MAN!

I

JOY! JOY!

To be said by any who would fain enter into the joy of all living creatures.

MAKE a glad noise, O my soul! Rejoice as one in the Eternal Presence! "Flutes of silence" will open the ears of thy spirit to hitherto unheard-of melodies. Visions of the unseen will touch thy spirit-eyes. A song shall sing in the secret places of thy spirit-heart, a song as it were without words, too intimately deep to be heard of men. Thou shalt be lifted up in joy.

Behold the bird and consider his ways! Harken to his song before flight! Something deep within is whispering to his spirit. It tells him that the upper air is there, all about him, just waiting to feel the beating upon it of his restless pinions. . . . So thy spirit, O my soul, is singing a song of joy before flight this day. For something deep within tells thee that a Presence is here, all about, whithersoever thou goest, to sustain thee from the uttermost depths to the uppermost heights of thy struggling, aspiring life.

Behold the deep-sea fish and consider his ways! He maketh his paths in deep waters. Deep, deep, ever deeper down he goes. Never disturbed he, nor turned aside by the surface storms which sweep over that vast ocean wherein he lives and moves and has his being. For does he not know that the waters are there to receive him, deep under deep? And is his heart not glad within him, glad in that his ways are in these deeps? His foolish minnow kindred live out their little days in the surface shallows, only to be dashed to death on the rocks at last. The deep for him, the deep, the deep! . . . So it is with thee now, O my soul! Thou hast done with the shallows of life. All its billows have gone over thee. At last, at last thou art feeling thy way into the depths, into the depths of that Eternal Presence wherein is thy soul's natural habitat. Something deep within is urging thee to make thy paths in the deep, with confidence and great joy.

Follow the evening star, O my soul, as it goes, quiet, softly radiant, steadfast, in its course across the heavens. Content in its own orbit, unenvious of the sun in its wider-sweeping course, its more blinding radiance, going on its way, its joy to shed what light it may on its

own path, the while revolving deep things in its starry heart! . . . So thou, O my soul, thou hast found thy true compass at last, and art moving now, steadfast of purpose, star-eyed, shedding light upon all who cross thy path in life, silently singing for joy.

What is this refrain, O my soul, too deep for words, but which thou hearest on all sides? What is this song, that thou shouldest have taken note of it? And why today of all days? Other men are glad now and then. But only when some benefit has come their way, when some gift drops as it were from an unseen hand into the lap of their spirit—some luxury, all unexpected and undeserved. Therefore they sing and are glad. But why dost thou sing this day, O my soul? and why art thou glad within me? No unexpected gift has come thy way, no undeserved benefit has fallen into thy lap; no gift that counts for anything tangible, no benefit that is in any way negotiable in the marts of men. Why then art thou uplifted within me this day? Ah, my soul, it is just this free fountain of joy that is heartening thee, this joy which is ever welling up within all living creatures. This joy of living will not be dammed up, but is ever filling and overflowing

the pure in heart, this deep feeling that just to live is perfect joy!

Rejoice, O my soul, that thou shouldest be receptive of this spirit of joy and found not unworthy to receive this boundless life! What though thou be not yet altogether pure in heart, what though thy frame be still weak and thy life foolish in many of its ways? Thou, O my soul, hast still strength enough, purity enough, wisdom enough wherewith to appear in the presence of the Eternal and partake freely of the purity, strength, wisdom which are there. Rejoice then, O my soul! Ascend into the upper air! Make thy paths in deep waters! Run thy course across the heavens above! Join in the chorus, the chorus of all living creatures from the least to the greatest, this chorus of joy, joy, joy!

This song that sings within me, what is it? It is none other than the presence of the Eternal, sustaining all creatures with life from within, rejoicing all with a spirit of joy! It filleth us with the courage that mounts, the confidence that goes down in deep waters, the peace that compasses the heavens above. O, joy, joy, joy!

II

STRENGTH! STRENGTH!

To be said by any who would fain prevail as with the strength of ten thousand.

BE STRONG this day, O my soul! Strength as of ten thousand and more is thine in the Eternal.

Dost thou grow weary? Art thou easily disheartened, too readily disillusioned? Ah, thou hast been pursuing things that exist not! These appearances of things which do all the while lure thee on, yet forever elude thy grasp, they are but shadows, mirages, phantoms which at thy near approach promptly disappear into the thin air whence they came. Shifting sands, passing pleasures, vain ambitions, pompous shows! Alas, that thou shouldest ever think to find anything whatsoever satisfying, anything at all enduring in these untimely things of the earth, earthy!

Set thyself free, O my soul, free of these illusions of time, these heart-breaking mirages of beauty, these grimacing phantoms in empty places! Too long thy spirit, weary, distracted, never satisfied, hath pursued these same mockeries! Open thine eyes now, and thou shalt

see! See through all these shadowy things of earth and behold the things that endure in the Eternal! Realities: beauty, justice, love, things in which is never any variableness, neither any shadow of turning! Meditate on these things throughout all thy night-watches, O my soul, and pursue them all thy days! Then, ah then, thou shalt not utterly faint, nor ever grow hopelessly weary again. Each new day thou shalt be up and doing, lavishing thine energies upon these things of the spirit. Like a prodigal son of the Eternal, but with resources truly exhaustless, and strength ever boundless. Thine erstwhile riotous and profitless ways forsaken, thou shalt now pour forth the riches of thy spirit upon thy fellowmen, lavishly spending thy strength on errands of wholesome service, in ways of pure brother-love. And thou shalt live the residue of thy days inwardly happy and quiet, at peace with thyself and with all thy fellowkind. For in the pursuit of these things of the spirit there is no lasting weariness, no final failure, no least shadow of illusion; but only strength, a glad strength sufficient for the day. And with this strength thou shalt feel in thy heart a deep secret joy in living and in thy soul an abiding sense of victory.

III

WISDOM! WISDOM!

To be said by any within whom the spirit of Eternal Wisdom is contending with the time-serving spirit of Baal.

I

WHERE shalt thou find wisdom, O my soul, and with all thy getting how shalt thou get understanding? Where but in Thee, O Eternal? And how save by following the urge of Thy spirit within me?

How canst thou endure, O my soul, forever halting between two opinions, today following the seductive lure of Baal without, tomorrow repenting thee of thy folly and yielding once more to the spirit of wisdom within, blowing now hot, now cold; wise one moment only to find the very next all thy clearer insights darkened by false counsels, forsaking one moment all thy foolish ways but sure to return to the same after the momentary vision is gone? Ah, better no vision at all, none while the world lasts, the world with its dark counsels, its misleading appearances of things, far better no vision at all than this which straightway van-

ishes again! Better no wisdom at all than this which enlightens for a little while only to leave thee so soon in darkness again, a darkness all the thicker-seeming for this fleeting glimpse thou hast had of the Eternal Light! Better the foolish complacency of the beasts of the field, quietly grazing their fill by day, in easy repose sleeping soundly by night, and in the end of their days on earth, returning, dumb, unquestioning, and as a matter of course to the dust whence they came! Better an easy going animal existence than this restless discontented daily round of thine with its foolish inconstancy of spirit by day and its recurrent fits of remorse by night! Better no insight at all into the wisdom which is in the Eternal, than that thou shouldest go on forever like this, blindly, foolishly mistaking the things of the flesh for the things of the spirit, forever repenting thy blindness, thy folly, thy halting, unstable, stumbling, unmanly ways!

II

And yet thou makest me to rejoice, O Eternal. Strange! Strange! Out of the very midst of mine outer woe thou makest gladness within me! This restlessness, it is the Eternal

Spirit still stirring within thee, O my soul. That Spirit, it never will let thee go, never. Day or night, never! Not until, utterly forsaking all thy follies, seeing through all these appearances of things, thou shalt behold thy true life in the Eternal, and find thy final way in the one unfailing light of wisdom. This despair, it is a sign, a sure sign within, that thy wandering spirit has at last come to the end of its tether, and is eager now and longing to break away and find in the Eternal its true freedom. This discontentment, this darkness which o'erhangs thy spirit, it is but a foreshadowing of the dawn approaching, the dawning of an eternal light, an eternal wisdom upon thee. Rejoice! Rejoice!

III

Well may the spirit of Baal contend within thee now, O my soul! Well mayest thou halt in this supreme moment of soul-struggle. The spirit of folly is making its last stand within thee. The darkness is contending against the light! The embers of soul-fire, latent, still smouldering underneath all the ashes of despair which now cover thee, are about to burst forth into a mighty blaze, a dross-consuming,

flaming glory! What though Baal with his false prophets has swamped even thine inward altar with the foul back-waters of life? This flame of thy spirit will lick up all these brackish waters, and that inner sanctuary shall be ready for thee again; and thou, thou shalt be fit again to bow down and worship there.

Yea, this wisdom, this light, this vision, it shall suffice thee. Surely it shall lead thee day and night. What though thou dost halt, and falter and follow shamelessly after false gods, the Eternal shall go on, urging thee out of the lowlands in which thou wast first brought forth into the highlands of promise wherein is thy final habitat, thine only true abiding-place.

IV

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!

To be said by one who by his own inward spirit would fain transform all ugly sights of his outward eyes into a vision of loveliness.

I

In the Eternal thou shalt behold beauty, O my soul, ever more and more of beauty. But without that Eternal Presence thy life shall stretch ugly before thee, uglier and uglier in its every prospect. Listen, the very winds go soughing, sighing, through the trees. The morning chant of the birds strikes discordantly upon thine ears, and their evensong sounds doleful. See, the mountains appear grim and forbidding in thy sight, the plains arid, sun-parched, the seas threatening, the stars afar off and faint-shining. Look out, even thy fellowmen seem all indifferent toward thee, as they pass in the street, or hostile, seeming to snarl as they go by on their predatory way. Whether it be man or beast thou encounterest in the way, every creature appears menacing in thy beclouded eyes. Such ugliness; all about thee, ugliness! Whether thou

goest up or down, in or out, whether thou turnest to the right or to the left, 'tis the same—ugliness, ugliness!

Ah, it is thou thyself that hast an ugly spirit within thee, O my soul! Thou art darkened within thee, discordant, stormy, predatory. It is therefore that the whole world looks dark, all its notes sound inharmonious, all its creatures, beasts, men, and the very gods appear hostile before thee and threatening to do thee hurt.

II

Renew a right spirit within thee this day, O my soul, even the spirit of harmony, of beauty, of love which is eternal. Then, O then, the world shall once more stretch beautiful before thee. The beauty of the hills shall be thine then. The valleys shall invite thee to enter into them and walk beside their quiet waters. Then, when the day breaks upon thee, thou shalt awake and with secret understanding share in the joy of the birds' morning carol. Then, when night comes upon thee and its darkness is about to cover thee, thou shalt lie down to rest with their evensong still echoing in thy peaceful heart. Happy, confident of a glorious morrow; understanding life and find-

ing it beautiful, very, very beautiful! And other men? Ah, once thou hast entered into the Eternal Presence, they too shall appear beautiful in thy sight. As thou passest them in the street they shall appear no longer as cowardly, cunning, predatory creatures, each as if with some deadly weapon concealed behind his back or some tooth, and claw and fang exposed ready to prey upon thee, his own kin! Nay, all men shall appear noble in thy sight then: beautiful in spirit, generous, chivalrous; each going his way uprightly, leisurely; each, as he passes by, seeming ready to pause with hand outstretched in friendly greeting, ready to succor thee in thine hours of need, to companion thee in thine hours of sorrow, to lighten thee in thine hours of darkness. Do all men seem to smile upon thee as thou passest by? Ah, this is their quick response to the beauty they see smiling from thine own spirit-face! Do they make music? Ah, it is their way of answering the eternal song which is singing in thine own heart!

Ah, yes, life stretches beautiful before thee, O my soul, now thou hast found and entered into the spirit of beauty which is eternal.

V

FREEDOM! FREEDOM!

To be said by one who seeketh his soul's freedom.

I

Deliver Me This Day, O Eternal!

SET my spirit free this day, O Eternal, free, free! From all vain ambitions, the sorry scramble for position, the low lust for power and all other earth-passions, deliver me this day, O Thou Most High. Purge me this day of all ugliness of spirit, cynicism, scoffing, backbiting, envying, vainglorying, scornfulness, hatred, these manifold meannesses which do too often mark and mar the face of all humanity! Strengthen me this day that I may meet and prevail against all weaknesses of the spirit,—irritability, depression, melancholy. Of the many spirit-distempers which do so often corrupt the purity and disturb the peace of Thy spirit within me, heal me this day; with the health of thine understanding, heal me! Lies, hypocrisies, compromises, pretenses, and the many other evil counsels which do defile

the outer courts of my spirit and dishonor me in all my daily rounds, cause me to forget the wisdom of Thine inner presence. Drive them forth, put them all away from me, O Eternal! this very day and henceforth forever!

II

Make Me to Know the Law This Day, O Eternal!

Deliver my soul this day, O Eternal! Deliver me from that ease of body, that looseness of mind, that vanity of soul in which we earth-bound men so often, so vainly, imagine we are free! Discipline me this day, O Eternal, lest I should grow soft of body, of mind, of soul! Teach me to know the law of that freedom which is in Thee—how it is decreed, from everlasting to everlasting, that he who sins against Thy holy spirit within him is not free, neither he who lies, nor he who hates his brother. Make this freedom hard for me! Wrestle, Thy spirit with my spirit! Do thou never let me go, day or night, until Thy spirit, entering into mine and teaching me the law, hath set me free indeed!

Then having wrestled, Thy spirit with mine,

to try me, to discipline me and to harden the sinews of my soul within me, make Thou me very gentle withal, O Eternal! Harden me, yea, harden me; but forbid, O Eternal, forbid that my spirit should ever grow hard within me, or in any degree embittered for that Thine unseen hand hath fallen thus upon me, to chasten me! May I never lose that gentleness of spirit, that meekness, that teachableness, which is mine at last in Thee! Lest, having myself learned the law, through bitter experience learned it and laid it to heart, I should forthwith violate it by tyrannizing over my weaker, less understanding fellowmen, treating them contemptuously and despising them for their follies and waywardnesses.

Make me to know the law of freedom, O Eternal, and throughout this day incline my heart to keep the same.

III

Enslave Me This Day, O Eternal!

Do Thou enslave me this day, O Eternal! Before ever the day-round begins do Thou captivate me by Thy spirit! Penetrate with Thy light the fastnesses, and with Thy love the

hardnesses of my spirit! Then shall I be free indeed. High-born, offspring of Thy life, possessed by Thy spirit, acknowledging naught save Thy jurisdiction within the most secret places of my soul, ah, I shall rejoice in that allegiance; I shall glory in that bondage; I shall rejoice and glory in thee all this day long.

He only is free whose spirit is bound to Thee, O Eternal; bound to Thee and to all his fellowmen in the ways of Thy spirit; bound to Thee and to them by silken cords never to be loosed,—even the ties of loyalty and love. He who loseth his life, who freely loseth it in the life of this beloved humanity, he it is, O Eternal, who shall find his life at last in Thy larger life.

VI

SON OF MAN! SON OF MAN!

To be said by one who feels the Eternal Spirit coming to its own in him.

How open spirited Thou art in all Thy ways, O Eternal! How that spirit doth multiply its gifts to us sons of men! To the weary Thou givest strength, to the defeated courage, to the foolish wisdom, to the disconsolate joy, to the troubled peace. Yea, even though our spirits hang low and droop as dead within us, Thy spirit will lift us up and quicken us so we shall live again.

I

Strange, that Thou shouldest bring such precious gifts of the spirit upon us! Strange, that Thou shouldest come forth from Thy secret place to guide and enrich our spirits in all their otherwise devious and unprofitable ways, to quicken us, when dead, and inwardly bid us to arise and live again! Strange, that Thine abundant, seemingly self-sufficient life should be bound up like this in us, us earth-sons of men! As if Thou wert bound to trans-

form us, sometime, into sons of the Eternal, bound somehow to transmute by the secret alchemy of Thy spirit these bodies of clay into pure gold, these earthly passions into a mighty passion for righteousness, justice, love, these untimely spirits of ours into the likeness of Thine own eternal spirit!

Strange? Inexplicable? Mysterious beyond words to express? And yet it is so, and that our souls know right well. Something deep within us, something within the most secret place of our heart tells us that life, even Thy life, O Eternal, is coming to its own in us, that Thy being, even Thine, O Eternal, is attaining its full stature, its stature of manhood in us, in us! Wonderful, wonderful, to learn that Thy spirit, even Thine, O Eternal, is disquieted within Thee, nor will it let Thee rest, neither let Thee go, until Thou hast found Thine own fulness of strength, wisdom, joy, love, life in us, in us!

II

Strange, that Thy spirit should seek to find its true strength in us—us sons of men! Lo, the strength of the hills, is it not Thine, and of the thunderbolt, and of the tornado, and of

the whirlwind crashing its furious way across the face of the earth, and of the earthquake rending asunder the crust thereof? Yea, all these powers, dost Thou not feel them stirring within Thee, now holding together, now tearing their way through this cosmic body of Thine? . . . And yet Thy spirit goes restless within Thee, unsatisfied until Thou canst find Thyself and live and move and have Thy being in some strong son of man!—Thy strength consciously there, moving steadfastly there, no longer in ways of wanton destruction, but in ways of righteousness, peace, love! . . . Strange, strange!

III

Strange, that Thy spirit should seek to find its true wisdom in us sons of men! Thy wisdom, does it not work, albeit unconscious, in the nest-building birds of the air, the nut-storing squirrels of the trees? The very stars, vaguely aware of Thy presence, do they not feel it wise for them to follow in their appointed ways? All this hidden wisdom is Thine, resourceful enough to keep all these dumb creatures in their routine ways. Wisdom enough, it would seem to satisfy the inarticu-

late purposes of even Thy creative spirit. . . . And yet Thy soul is disquieted within Thee until Thou hast found Thyself in some wise son of man—finding Thyself conscious there, resourceful there, full of clear purposes, alive, free! . . . Strange, strange!

IV

Strange, that Thy spirit should seek to find its true joy in us sons of men! Is it not the one dominant and sustained note of the whole creation, this tone of joy? It sounds in the birds, a note of joy in their morning carols, a note of peace in their evensongs. The trees, can we not hear them clap their hands for gladness? And the hills, who shall say there is not at times a quiet contentment in them, as when the sun warms them by day and the dews cool them by night? And yet another joy, a blast of wild, fierce joy at other times, as when they battle with the untamed north winds or withstand the tornado in its way, or defy the earthquake to rend them asunder? A deep rumbling, underground shout of joy! And the stars, have we not heard, hath it not been told us, that the very stars sang together on Creation's first morn, as if they too had

found Thee and were feeling the happy urge of Thy spirit within them? Yea, joy, great joy throughout all Creation; enough, it would seem, to satisfy even Thy heart of hearts. . . . And yet Thy spirit is heavy within Thee until Thou hast found Thy perfect joy in some glad son of man; then art thou glad in him! Eager, Thou, to enter into him, Thy knowing, willing, valiant warrior; Thy spirit enlisted in his spirit, to do battle with him against the forces of evil and injustice which, tornado-like, would rend humanity asunder! . . . Strange, strange!

v

Strange, that Thy spirit should seek to find its true love in us sons of men! Thou pourest out Thy being, instinctively, unstintedly, over the whole earth, giving, forever giving out of the abundance of Thy heart. The trees feel it stirring in the life-giving sap as it rises within them. The mountains silently sense it in the night dews. The birds love it, and spread their wings in unknowing response to its up-lifting presence. The lambs draw it in with their mothers' milk. From morn to even, and all through the night, this perpetual love-song goes forth from the heart of Nature to the

heart of Thee, O Eternal! . . . Ah, yes, but it is a song without words, without understanding, without any fellow-feeling for Thee, O Eternal. These dumb creatures, they little understand this cosmic love. They feel it, and wonder. They love, but not knowing why nor whom. They go forth rejoicing in this great love but not knowing whence it has come nor whither it is leading them. Having eyes they see not, see not Thee, O Eternal, having ears they hear not, hear not Thee. Neither do they comprehend Thee in any of Thy ways. And so Thy great heart is lonely, still searching, searching, until Thou hast found Thyself at last in some all-loving son of man, and canst feel his human heart reaching out to Thee, as it were saying, "O Eternal, I love Thee, I love Thee! Thou hast touched these eyes of clay and I see Thee now. Opened these ears! I hear Thy spirit within me now. Thy spirit hath entered into mine, and I would fain dwell in Thy love forever and forever!" . . . Strange, strange!

VI

Strange, that Thy spirit should seek to find its true life in us sons of men! Thou quick-

enest and givest life to all manner of creeping, crawling, flying, swimming things. Creatures enough, it would seem, to satisfy the cravings of even Thy hunger for life, more and more abundant life. . . . And yet Thy spirit suffereth want until Thou hast found Thy full measure of life in some living son of man, a man whose spirit, even in hours when it hangs half-dead within him, shall reach out to Thy spirit with understanding, saying, "This is life eternal, to live, more and more fully, more and more consciously to live in Thee, O Eternal. This is life eternal, for me to give of Thine abundance in me to my fellowmen, quickening them that they, too, though seeming dead, may also live again."

. . . . . .

Thus, we, losing our lives in Thee, and Thou, Thy life in us, O Eternal, the purpose of the ages will have been fulfilled in Thee through us! We sons of men will have been created at last in Thine image, to live henceforth like sons of the Eternal, which indeed we are, to live forever—we in Thee and Thou in us, O Eternal—the life which never dies!

PART THREE

Tides of the Spirit

I. IN TIME OF DEPRESSION
II. IN TIME OF APPREHENSION
III. IN TIME OF HASTE
IV. IN TIME OF SUDDEN DISASTER
V. IN TIME OF IMMINENT PHARISAISM
VI. IN TIME OF DEEP SEARCHING OF HEART
VII. IN TIME OF COURAGE
VIII. IN TIME OF SOUL-LONELINESS
IX. IN TIME OF SOUL-CRISIS
X. IN TIME OF DEEP FEELING FOR THE WORLD'S NEED
XI. IN TIME OF SOUL-COMPANIONSHIP

I

IN TIME OF DEPRESSION

To be said by one whose spirit ebbeth low within him.

WHY dost thou lie thus low, here at the end of the day, O my soul, thy spirit so depressed within me? This morning thou wast up with the sun and didst go forth to meet the day, moved by high purposes and full of joy in living! Why, if so soon to suffer tonight's reversal of spirit? . . .

These ins and outs, these alternate upliftings and downcastings of spirit are like unto the tides of the sea: at lowest ebb it is at that very moment making ready to flow in again. So it is with thee, O my soul! Dost thou not remember that other night when thy spirit lay, O, so low within thee—arid, empty? How out of the depths of thy despair thou didst cry, "Woe is me! The Eternal Spirit itself is ebbing from within me. Gone beyond the recall of mine own spirit—lying thus unattractive, impotent, as dead within me. Alas, the Eternal shall nowise flow in again with its freshening, up-lifting flood of life!" But it did, it did! During the night-watches, even whilst thou

wast sleeping the sleep of despair, the Eternal Spirit, all joy and life, did come in, full-stream, inundating thy foolish spirit with its flow of wisdom; covering the desert-places of thy spirit as with its freshets of renewal; making thy dormant spirit to awake, arise, and with confidence and fullness of joy enter into the life of a new day. And was it not with a deeper, more secret understanding of this great mystery of life itself,—life with its ever recurrent comings-in and goings-out of the Spirit?

Thy spirit is low within thee this night, the tide far out? Thou sufferest inward dearth? Rejoice, rejoice, O my soul! The Eternal Spirit is about to flow in again! Soon, it may be this very night, the spirit of joy and life shall flood thee with its fresher, deeper understanding. Thou shalt understand joy in its secret places. And in "its inflow of immortality" thou shalt understand life as it eternally is.

He from whom the Eternal Spirit hath truly withdrawn, indeed never to return, he, alas, is spiritually dead! Never any joy for him, never any true life any more. Rejoice, O my soul, in that it is not so with thee this dark night! Thy very sadness, this heaviness, shall be a sign to thee that thy spirit, though at low ebb,

is still potent, alive within thee—enough to attract the Eternal Spirit, and draw it in to thee again! Thou feelest lack, art painfully aware of this seeming departure of the Eternal Life from thee, leaving thee desolate, joyless? Rejoice! These signals of inner distress are felt within the Eternal Spirit itself! Be sure the tide of that Spirit is about to come in! And thou shalt find thyself again in its Presence on the morrow, the glad tomorrow!

II

IN TIME OF APPREHENSION

To be said by one whose spirit is timid within him.

THE Eternal Spirit *is*, O my soul! Of what shalt thou be afraid? With the gift of this Presence within thee what other goods dost thou fear to lose? Pause now, and consider what are these ill-bodings which intimidate thy spirit this day? Dost thou fear failure? What failure can touch thee, if so be thy spirit is covered round about by the Eternal Spirit? Only then has a man real cause for apprehension when the Spirit of Justice and Love faileth within him. Open thee to this Eternal Spirit, O my soul! Its love and justice shall pour into thee and, lo, by Its presence all fear of failure shall be cast out of thee. Dost thou fear defeat? Pray, what defeat, O my soul? Search thee, and thou shalt find that it is only thine earthly purposes for which thou fearest defeat. Can any lesser powers in the earth beneath or in the heavens above ever defeat the power of the Most High within thee, any temporal desires ever defeat the eternal passion for justice and love which is in thee? Is it some vague but fearful outer darkness—the eternal silence

—that makes thy heart to stand still within thee? Art thou a child then, afraid of the dark? Enter thou straight into that very darkness, O my soul, and thou shalt find nothing horrific there. Illumine that darkness with the light of thine own spirit, and, like a frightened child when his mother lights the night-lamp, thou shalt find in that place naught but the familiar objects of thine own daily life—the affection of friends still with thee, the work it is thy joy to do, the cause it is thy pleasure to live for, and if need be, die for! And in that moment of self-illumination thou shalt understand him who said of the Eternal, "The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Keep this lamp of the spirit steadily burning within thee, O my soul, and thou shalt see and understand all mysteries. There shall be no darkness at all within thee; neither shall any outer creature ever make thee afraid any more. Thou shalt go forward toward any fate which may await thee, to find it something friendly. Thou shalt penetrate every darkness with the light of thine own spirit and find in it something very beautiful. Wherefore art thou afraid, O my soul?

III

IN TIME OF HASTE

To be said by one who feels that his time is fleeting.

I

WHEREFORE this unseemly haste, O my soul? Surely it were better for thee now to pause a while and consider whither this impetuous spirit is taking thee. It may well be a noble cause, this in which thou art enlisted, a divine fury, this which is driving thee headstrong forward. But what shall it profit, if by the very fury of thine attack, the noble cause itself be defeated, as it surely shall be, and thine own spirit go stale with exhaustion within thee?

This outward haste, this sheer restlessness, didst thou but know it, is a sure sign of an inconstancy of spirit, an inward lack of power, an inward shallowness of motive, a want of concentration upon the very cause itself which thou art thus feverishly intent upon serving. Fear is upon thee, a fear lest such purpose as thou hast should fail within thee ere thy task among men be accomplished, a fear lest this ideal, already faint shining within thee, should

grow still dimmer and at last flicker out ere thou hast created its flaming counterpart in the world outside. What though at the moment this haste seemeth fine and noble in its bearing, this fury all-conquering? In the end it will play thee false! It can never endure nor in any lasting degree further the eternal cause of justice and love which it is thy one lasting hope to serve. Come now! Quiet this excitable spirit with something of the tranquillity which is in the Eternal itself! Steady thy fearful spirit with something of the confidence, subdue thy frantic spirit with something of the quietness, thine impatient spirit with something of the composure, thy clanging spirit with something of the silence which is in the Eternal Spirit! Once seek the presence of the Eternal and all these things shall be added unto thee. Then thou shalt well serve the eternal cause. Then, inwardly steadfast, full of secret understanding, thou shalt haste thee no more, O my soul. Slowly then and surely, thou shalt fare forth into the unknown future. Filled with an all-enduring spirit, all-conquering, never fearing, thou shalt fare forth. Calm, confident, at peace with thyself, thou shalt fare forth on thine eternal way.

II

Dost feel that thy time is fleeting? Dost thou fear lest death o'ertake thy body before its full course be run, or ever the work of its hands be accomplished? What is death of the body that its threatening should cause thee to worry, or its impending make thee to hurry? No sepulchre can ever contain thy spirit, no stone ever stay it in its eternal course! Not so long as it liveth Christlike within thee! Why haste thee again? As one who laboreth hard against the day when his spirit shall work no more among men? Thy spirit, ah, long after this body is dead and gone from thee—thy spirit shall remain in the hearts of thy dear comrades here on earth! A living presence now, full of spiritual health, instinct with immortality! Thy continuing presence shall last on this earth, nor ever depart prematurely therefrom. Thy children shall still know thee, feel thy presence round about them, quickening them. They and likewise thy friends and neighbors! Thou shalt be to them a living soul. Thou shalt persevere among men, persevere until all thy heaven-born purposes shall have been fulfilled in the hearts of all earth-born men, persevere until all thine ideals have

been made real in the common clay of this earth; and until thy dream of a perfected humanity come true. Yea, with the Eternal Spirit deep-living in thee, thou shalt persevere on this earth until all thy works be established. In joy and quietness thou shalt persevere, O my soul! Wherefore then this unseemly haste?

IV

IN TIME OF SUDDEN DISASTER

To be said by one whose spirit is crushed within him.

PEACE! Quiet thee, O my soul! Fly quickly inward to thine own soul's center wherein thou shalt find the Eternal Spirit steadfast, serene, undisturbed, and ready to stay thee there! This disaster is upon thee, unforeseen, undeserved, inexplicable? Cruel! Think not to explain it now or justify it in thine own sight, nor to see through this mystery with these tear-dimmed eyes. Pause, thou poor crushed soul, pause! Possess thy spirit in outward calmness whilst awaiting with expectation the coming of the spirit of inward calmness. For come it surely will! And with it a perfect understanding of this seeming disaster which has thus laid thee low.

Pause now! and whilst waiting consider this dark disaster which has overtaken thee; calmly consider and interpret it in the Light of the Eternal. Thy fortune has been swept out of thy grasping hands? In great agony thou seest it now in the crafty, more cunning hand of another? What is that, that the loss of it should distress thee, O my soul? Are not all

the riches of the Eternal still thine, justice, joy, love; riches inalienably thine by reason of thy kinship of spirit with the Eternal Spirit?

Thy son, wayward wandering from his youth up and now reduced to eating the very husks of life, has he finally (for very shame, for very pride) refused to return to his father's house? Sad? Sad? Nay, rejoice in him rather! This pride, false though it be, this shame which keeps him from seeking in his own father's house sanctuary from his sins, and from finding heartsease for his ills in his own father's arms, this very pride, this very shame, are signs that his spirit still lives within him! Once he is a man again, clean, self-respecting, he will surely come back to the old home, to live there in its spirit and serve the high purposes which, as he well remembers from the days of his youth, are there.

Thine other son, his once brilliant mind beclouded by some obscure disease of the body—have they taken him away to confine him, body and soul, in the nearby mad-house for incurables? His mind darkened, forever darkened? Nay, not so; not forever! Yet a few years at most and his imprisoned soul will be released from this body of disease, his spirit shall burst

forth in all its one-time brilliance, and in a blaze of glory go forth on its eternal way!

Thine own father has been suddenly stricken and lies insensate, body and brain? No sign of conscious life in him, none save in his eye an occasional faint flicker of his old-time love for thee, as thou lookest down into his father-face —there is only that to reveal the father-spirit which of yore lightened his whole being. Cruel? Cruel? Nay, not so! That flicker, though faint, shall be a sign to thee that thy father—the love which is the soul of all fatherhood—still lives within him. Surely if such love can live in this all but dead body, it will live on forever!

Thy friend has betrayed thee? Not so, not forever! Thine own spirit of loyalty to him, thy fidelity, through all the past years, to the spirit of your friendship together, shall yet shame and redeem him! Already the Judas spirit hangs dead within him, a silent tribute to the Christ spirit within thee!

Thy loved one is gone from thee into the darkness of death? Nay, not so! The body may be hidden from the sight of thy physical eye, but not the spirit of thine adored one from the eyes of thy spirit! For to the spirit of love there is no end; neither is there any sepa-

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ration of spirit from spirit for those whose love of each other, being pure, is therefore immortal.

Calm thee then, O my soul, in this hour of blinding disaster, calm thee! Sight will return to thee in time. Pause in thy now frantic search for some revealing insight into this great mystery! Understanding will come in time. Silence these frantic cries to the Eternal! The Eternal Presence will come answering in due season. And in Its coming thy spirit-eyes shall open; and in thy spirit-vision thou shalt see and understand. Thou shalt know that all things seen, are every one of them temporal. The things that are unseen, riches of the spirit, friends of the spirit, loved ones of the spirit—all these are eternal!

V

IN TIME OF IMMINENT PHARISAISM

To be said by one who is tempted to despise his brother.

WHEREFORE is it, O my soul, that thou dost despise thy brother like this, and set thyself up to be better than he? Art thou then so learned that thou shouldest look down on him in his illiteracy? Art thou so wise that thou shouldest rebuke him for his folly? Art thou so faithful to the laws of friendship that thou shouldest abandon him for his infidelity to the same? Art thou thyself so filled with the spirit of truth and eternal purposes as to be worthy to condemn any other man who, to serve his own temporal purposes, is living a lie? Who art thou, indeed? What worthiness is in thee that thou shouldest look down upon or rebuke or abandon or condemn or despise any, even the least of thy fellowmen? Perchance thine own unworthiness is not of the same order and degree as his. But it is none the less here within thee! It were well for thee, thinking on this kinship of unworthiness between him and thee, rather to hail and receive him as thy brother. He and thou are

one with each other, of the same fraternity, by virtue of these common, alas, how common, weaknesses of the human spirit.

Do not the very stars differ in magnitude the one from the other? But they are all of them, even the nearest of them, so far distant from the central sun of the universe, and each one of them, of whatever magnitude, so dependent upon that sun for its light, that it would ill become any one of them to exalt itself above its comrades in the heavenly constellations.

So is it with thee, O my soul. Surely thou art far enough from attaining unto the Most High, the central sun from which thou drawest whatsoever light is in thee. What though thou dost indeed differ in outward magnitude from others of thy fellowmen; being, it may be, just a little wiser than they, a little truer, a little nearer the Eternal! Still thou art so short of the fullness of that Presence that it ill becomes thee to magnify thy light in the presence of even the least enlightened of thy fellowmen.

Verily, thou art but one in the great fraternity of mankind, O my soul; they and thou alike in that ye are all seeking the Light, the Light of the Eternal Presence. So thou shalt never again say or even so much as think in thy heart, "I thank thee, O Eternal, that I am

better than they, wiser, nearer. Lo, I have no need of them!" Was it not one of the wisest of men, himself one of the nearest to the Eternal, who said, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased"?

VI

IN TIME OF DEEP SEARCHING OF HEART

To be said by one who would cleanse his spirit of secret faults.

It is not enough, O my soul, to keep thyself outwardly clean, outwardly clean of body, outwardly clean of mind, before all the world, to be seen of men. Except thou be inwardly pure, inwardly secure, thou art not yet sure of thyself.

Thy friendships. It is not enough to keep thyself outwardly patient with thy friends, outwardly patient with their faults, outwardly patient under their betrayals, if it come to that. Except thou keep thyself inwardly filled with a perfect understanding of their faults, with a spirit of perfect forgiveness of their betrayings, a spirit overflowing thee into the spirit of thy friends, thou art not yet sure of thyself.

Thy loved one. It is not enough that thou be outwardly cheerful in the presence of thy loved one—outwardly, whilst inwardly unhappy. Except thou continue in a great inward joy, sure, constant, eternal, a joy forever overflowing thy heart into the heart of thy

loved one, thou art not yet certain of thyself, not yet worthy of this great love, not yet sure of the Eternal.

Lies. It is not enough that thou tellest no lie with thine outward lips, O my soul. Is there a lie in thy heart? Though living no outward lie, is thy secret life itself false? It is not enough, O my soul! Except thou face the thing thou art in thy secret places and change to beauty the ugly thing that is there, thou art not sure of thyself. That ugly truth will out some day, and the eyes of all men shall gaze upon thee with scorn,—a scorn all the greater for thy futile attempts to conceal it from them. Or, if not theirs, then thine own eyes will one day be opened within thee, and thou shalt see the spirit of self-deception in which thou hast spent all the best years of thy life.

Theft. It is not enough, O my soul, not enough that thou rob no other man of his worldly goods; not enough that thou do no murder. Except thou cleanse thyself of all secret hatred, except thou cast forth from thy heart every envying of thy brother his outward goods, every desiring of his outward pomps, every coveting of his outward comforts, thou art not yet sure of thyself. He that so much as thinketh theft in his heart, he that so much

as thinketh hatred of his brother, that man is already a thief and a murderer in the sight of the Eternal and of his own soul.

War. It is not enough, O my soul, not enough that thou proclaim peace and good will among all the nations of the world, and pray for that balancing weight of justice and love to come on an international scale. Thou canst not yet feel sure of thyself, if thine own members are still warring amongst themselves; not yet, if thou art still a spirit of dissension in thine own home, among thy close friends, in thine own near neighborhood, in thine own village. First purge thine own heart of every secret impatience, every least hatred of spirit, then shalt thou be a worthy apostle to go preaching peace to the whole world.

Even so, it is not enough, O my soul, not enough to live outwardly fair and without blemish, outwardly clean, and pure and peaceful. . . . Cleanse Thou me of all secret faults, O Eternal,—all hatred, all covetousness, all false pride, all crookedness in hidden places. Fill me with Thy spirit of patience, joy, truth, purity, love, and I shall be sure of my soul at last. . . . In that day thou shalt stand as in the presence of the Eternal, thy self straightened, holy, clean, unashamed! What greater

inward joy, what greater inward peace can any man ask of life than this—this final union of his own clean heart with the secret heart of the Eternal? . . . For in Thee, O Eternal, is no hidden thing, no ugliness of spirit nor any hatred, neither any variableness nor shadow of turning, but only beauty, constancy, truth, and love always, in thine inward parts forever.

VII

IN TIME OF COURAGE

To be said by one whose spirit, being lifted up, goeth forth to conquer.

THOU goest forth to conquer, O my soul? Joy! Joy! How joyful a thing this thrill of power thou feelest within thee! A power able as it were to remove the very mountains from out thy way! Yet it were well for thee, thou all-conquering one, to pause here in this hour of thy soul's elation, and reconnoitre the way in which thou art about to go forth to victory; to inquire of this cause in which from this day forth and forever thou art about to enlist thy life. Is it the way of the Eternal? Or is it some temporal road thou art about to take, seeming beautiful but with a beauty which lasts but for a day? Is it temporal goods thou seekest? As thou goest forth, is it perchance to conquer a weaker brother whose goods thou canst make thine own only by despoiling him? Or is it an eternal cause, some cause of justice, some campaign of love, wherein thou purposest to reinforce thy weaker brother, to enrich thy poorer brother, to drive all hatred out of the

heart of any unfriendly brother on the face of this earth?

Yea, it is a joyful thing, this thrill of power thou feelest within thee, O all-conquering soul! Pause now and examine thyself, and make very sure that the way thou art about to take, will end not in sorrow and disillusionment, but in ever increasing joy on and on forever!

VIII

IN TIME OF SOUL-LONELINESS

To be said by one who feels he is alone in working for justice and love on this earth.

THINKEST thou that thou art all alone, O my soul, alone in a world of forsaken ideals, forlorn hopes, forgotten dreams? That thou only art left to do justice in a land wherein is no justice, to speak love in a land wherein is no peace? That thou alone art alive with this spirit of justice and love within thee, that thou, thou only of all men, art struggling in a humanity whose other sons are, as it were, dead under a pall of injustice and hatred that covers the whole earth?

Nay, it is not so. Not so, O my soul! The spirit of justice and love is eternal in every truly human breast. Let not thy heart be troubled! Even now thou art not alone, not all alone. Many souls like unto thee are even now thinking thoughts of justice. In a world storm-tossed like unto this with all manner of envyings, suspicionings, hatreds, many souls are still harboring a great love in the secret places of their hearts. Speak out then, boldly speak out of the spirit which is in thee, pro-

claiming justice from thy housetop, and love from thy fireside. Everywhere, go everywhere, never afraid, never ashamed, openly, freely proclaiming the glad news that the eternal presence of justice and love is here, here on earth in the hearts of all mankind! And, lo, thou shalt be no more alone: a mighty company, a mighty company of the meek and lowly of the earth, shall join forces with thee! Yea, the high and mighty, even they who have hitherto exalted themselves by practicing injustice, by spreading hatred, by despitefully using the meek and lowly—they too shall come down and enter with thee into this common life, enter into this quiet heart of humanity! With eagerness and great joy shall they enter in! Speak out, O my soul! Thou soldier who did once fight the good fight for justice among men, thou now silenced and lonely lover of thy kind, speak out, wave aloft thine ensign before all people! Thou shalt begin an adventure of the human spirit toward the eternal of which there shall be no end, no end short of perfect justice on this earth. Build on, thou humble apprentice who in the days of thy youth did begin, ah, so blithely, so happily, so hopefully, the building of a temple of love on this earth, build on! Now in thy elder days, though so discouraged,

so disillusioned, go on building! Build on, and out of thy wisdom thou shalt lay a more secure foundation of a temple. And of the building thereof there shall be no end.

And, never fear, thou shalt not be alone. Thou shalt behold numberless other workmen like unto thee, laboring under a Master-Builder whose name is Eternal—like unto thee, hammering away at the task of establishing justice in the land, singing the while at this labor of love. They and thou together shall be making of this whole earth a place of government whose every word shall be justice and whose very spirit shall be love.

Thou art not alone, O my soul! Do thou but give voice to this spirit of justice and love which is in thee, and ten thousand shall arise about thee; though now silent, they shall then answer the cry of thy spirit and join thee in the building, the building on!

IX

IN TIME OF SOUL-CRISIS

To be said by one whose spirit wants instant quickening.

It is said of one * of old that in any time of need his spirit could, on the very instant, carry him from earth to heaven and in the same instant back again, bearing on its wings waters of refreshment and bread of life for his panting, famishing soul. One day he sat him down for a moment of much-needed meditation upon Allah and eternal things. On a tabaret by his side stood a pitcher of cool water for the refreshment of his body; while within him was a vision of Allah and the seven heavens wherein he might find refreshment for his spirit. Thus placed, the Holy One settled his body and turned his thoughts Allahward. In this moment of abstraction, they say, his hand absent-mindedly struck and overturned the pitcher at his side. But so swift was the flight of his spirit that the Holy One had moved through the seven heavens, beheld Allah and all the wonders of the Eternal Spirit, and was back again, in time to catch up that pitcher

* Mahomet.

before it had been dashed to the earth or ever a single drop of its precious water been spilled!

So may it be with thee, O my soul! How often in the quiet of the evening hour, and how often in the glad uprising of the morning hour hast thou been replenished with the precious waters of life, filling thee with the patience, the joy, the love which are the very life of the Eternal within thee! But, alas, how often in the heat and burden of the midday, thy spirit has been sore-tried within thee; thy love has been put to the test; how many times hast thou forgotten the spirit of elation with which thou didst begin that day; and how often failed to foresee the spirit of quietness with which thou wouldst end the same! What doth it profit thee, O my soul? It is thy practice to begin each day in great elation of spirit, still glowing with the light thou dost see and inwardly feel with each rising of the morning sun. What shall this profit thee except thou continue in that same elation and walk in that same light from the beginning even to the end of that day? Each night, it is thy practice to turn inward and in great quietness bid thy spirit sink to rest with the setting sun. What doth this profit thee except thou keep that inward quiet even in the midst of the noise and tumult of

the day? In these seasons of morning and evening meditation, it is thy practice to fill thy spirit twice daily with a great patience, joy, love! What doth this profit thee if at any moment of the day thy spirit, provoked it may be by thine own child or thine own friend, shall grow impatient within thee? What shall it profit thee if at every passing trouble thy spirit shall become sorrowful within thee, if at any moment a spirit of hard, earthly misunderstanding shall cause thy spirit of understanding love to crash to the ground?

Discipline thyself, O my soul! Like that one of old practice thyself in ways of the spirit! So shalt thou be able at any moment of need, day or night, to be ready and eager on the instant to send thy spirit forth into the Eternal and back again, bearing with it a perfect patience, gladness, understanding. On the instant! Before ever these precious things of life, these beautiful things, having dropped from thine awkward hands, lie there broken and ugly at thy feet, and thyself be left henceforth broken in spirit and without comfort.

Give me patience, O Eternal! Instant patience! Joy, unbreakable joy! Love, a love in which is no variableness, neither any shadow of turning! Give me these things of Thy spirit,

O Eternal, and show my spirit the way to them! Then, let the world of time and space and its things of the flesh do with my body whatsoever they will—break it with sorrows, torment it with earthbound misunderstanding, crush it to death under the weight of earthly hatred too hard to be borne. My spirit, day and night, shall stand none the less firm! Down through the years it shall go in a patience full of endurance, in a joy full of elation, in a love full of understanding.

X

IN TIME OF DEEP FEELING FOR THE WORLD'S NEED

To be said by one who would become as a vessel of the Spirit unto this soul-thirsting generation.

O THAT thou mightest become as a vessel of the Eternal, my soul, a vessel pouring out joy, love, peace, good will, into the joyless, disquieted, sullen, ill-foreboding heart of this generation! . . . This is my soul's sincerest desire, O Eternal! . . . Come then, O my soul, come place thee here within the full currents of that joy which are continually flowing from out the heart of the Eternal—that peace, that good will, that love! And being filled, thy whole being brimmed to overflowing with that water of life, thou shalt be able and abundantly worthy to serve as a vessel of the Eternal unto thy soul-thirsting fellowmen, to pour forth upon them this flood of life which has risen in thee; so that they too, though seeming dead, shall live again!

Being filled with the spirit, turn thou first into thine own home, to the little children and to the loved one there. Fill these near ones with the life, joy, love, which are overflowing

from the Eternal in thee! Turn thou then to thy neighborhood and by this same silent pouring forth of the spirit fill every man, woman and child of that precinct with this same life-giving, joy-bringing, love-bearing life of the Eternal! Then, as thou turnest away from thy home and thy neighborhood into the marts of men, pause; even though it be in some crowded place, pause, and after a moment of silent inward consecration, take the vessel of thy spirit and pour forth of its life upon the whole hustling, racketing mass of thy fellow-citizens. And, lo, they shall be strangely quieted; they shall think seriously of forsaking all their temporal ways to follow henceforth in ways of eternal peace, joy, love! And at last, very humbly, thou shalt take the vessel of thy spirit as it were up on to a high mountain within sight of all the peoples of the world.* Thou shalt turn this overflowing vessel first to the east, then to the south, then to the west, then to the north. To the four quarters of the earth thou shalt turn it. Thou shalt pour forth of this water of life, pour and pour it forth over the whole earth until at last thou hast covered

* A way of practicing the presence of the Eternal the author learned years ago while sitting at the feet of a Hindu friend.

all the inhabitants thereof with the Eternal Spirit, even as the waters cover the sea.

Fill thee, O my soul, with this life, this joy, this love which are perpetually flowing forth from the Eternal earthward! This spirit of the Eternal shall overflow thee, its humble vessel of clay; and thou shalt be able and abundantly worthy to purge as with holy water of life the hearts of men. Though they know thee not, not so much as thy name, neither understand this strange thing which has come to pass within them, *thou* shalt know and understand! It is none other than the miracle-working presence of the Eternal which hath overflowed thee into them, filling their spirits likewise with its life, joy, love.

XI

IN TIME OF SOUL-COMPANIONSHIP

To be said by one who would fain feel the presence round about him of a "cloud of witnesses."

I

OPEN thy spirit-eyes, O my soul! Open them wide! Thou shalt behold all about thee a veritable cloud of witnesses—the spirits of many who once walked this earth, walked it like immortals in joy and great love toward thee and all thy kind! In the end of their days these quietly stepped forth, like immortals stepped forth, from their used-up bodies into a larger life of the Spirit Beyond. And, ah, how soon at home their own spirits were in the atmosphere of that Larger Spirit! And, oh, how alive in that larger life! They had breathed in of that Spirit, they had partaken abundantly of that life throughout all the years of their earth-bound existence, while they had served their fellowmen, faithfully and gently, leading them in that way of larger justice, joy, love. Thus their spirits went forth at last not as travellers into a strange country. They found the inhabitants of that Larger Country speaking

their own language, even the language of perfect justice, love, joy, the universal language of the spirit! They found them following after the same pursuits as they, even the creating of human souls in the image of the Eternal! Not as strangers in a strange land, but as friends of long standing, they went forth to meet their own kindred in the spirit, their own soul-comrades!

II

Dear ones who walk the way of earthly feet no more are still living in the spirit, still with thee, near thee, O my soul! All about thee, a cloud of witnesses still hovering over this earth; eager to teach thy tongue of clay this language of the spirit, to lead thine earth-bound feet in this way of eternal justice, joy, love.

That teacher who years ago put into thy mind a flaming passion for truth, that friend who once touched thy spirit with the spirit of loyalty, that loved one in whose face, lifted up to thee, thou didst see the visage of the Eternal —these are still with thee, living presences. Call upon them, in the spiritual way of speaking call upon them, and they shall come to thee

in the spirit! In the spiritual way of moving they shall come nigh unto thee. On the wings of their free spirits they shall fly to thee in this hour of thy need, thy loneliness. Yea, though they be in the uttermost parts of the Great Unknown, they shall quickly find thee out. They shall come bearing rosemary for remembrance, heartsease for the healing of thy sorrows. They shall come bearing secret herbs for the restoring of thy spirit, forgiveness for thy faults of the flesh, strength for thy weakness, knowledge for thy doubts, courage for thy fears, wisdom for thy folly. They shall come, and cause thee to rededicate thine own spirit to the cause of truth, justice, love; with confidence and great joy to rededicate thyself. Yea, they shall come, shall come filling thee in all thine inward parts with a knowledge of the Eternal Presence which is in them! Thou shalt be no more lonely in spirit, no more broken-hearted, but whole again, conscious, vividly conscious of a great companionship. Thou shalt be companioned now by these loved ones who, still very close to thy spirit, would fain continue with thee, thy guides and comforters. Open wide thy spirit-eyes, O my soul! A cloud of witnesses is here all about thee.

III

Nay more. If so be thou keepest within thee the same spirit which was in them while still they walked this earth, thou canst in this same wise enter into communion even with the greatest souls of the past—with Buddha, with Jesus, with Saint Francis. These so loved the world and all the peoples thereof that their spirits are still hovering, brooding, over this earth, everywhere covering, as under their spirit-wings, this beloved humanity of theirs, everywhere giving out abundantly of their power and love into every open, understanding, human soul. The Buddha-spirit perpetually pouring out of his spirit of perfect serenity; the Jesus-spirit giving of his perfect love of humanity; the spirit of Francis making men glad with his perfect joy of life! This is the hour of thy communion with all souls! O my soul, open thou the gates, the everlasting doors of thy spirit, and these larger spirits will enter in. A flood of power will enter into thee from the boundless currents they are ever pouring forth over all humanity—currents of perfect peace from the Buddha-spirit, currents of perfect humanity from the Jesus-spirit, currents of perfect joy from the Francis-spirit. Thou shalt

find thyself strangely strengthened, in all manner of hardly believable ways strengthened; thine own joy in life renewed; thine own hope of humanity confirmed; thine own will to live for justice and love increased as by the wills of ten thousands.

IV

All these souls, great and little, are round about thee now. A veritable cloud of witnesses ready to testify to thee of the beauty and joy of living in the Eternal Spirit. In the great but near Beyond they are round about thee. Enter thou into their spirit, O my soul! Enter thou in, gladly, confidently, lovingly; and thou, too, shalt live the residue of thy days on this earth in peace, love, joy. Thou too shalt lose thy spirit, thine own Eternal Spirit in the life, the eternal life, of thy beloved humanity!

PART FOUR

The Ascending Years

(From Birth to Immortality)

I. IN TIME WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG
II. IN TIME OF SOUL-UNION
III. IN TIME OF A CHILD'S ADVENT
IV. IN TIME OF A CHILD'S MATURING
V. IN TIME OF A CHILD'S EXODUS
VI. IN TIME OF THE GREAT AWAKENING
VII. IN TIME OF SICKNESS
VIII. IN TIME OF OLD AGE
IX. IN TIME OF APPROACHING DEATH

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I

IN TIME WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

To be said by any lover whose spirit is pure within him.

WHAT wonder is this, O my soul, that thou, seeming but a youth in years, shouldest already feel within thee this spirit of love which is nothing short of eternal? What wonder this, that in the presence of thy beloved thou shouldest feel thyself putting on immortality? Ah, my soul, it is because thy love is pure, a living part of that love which abides in the heart of the Eternal.

Other men have what they call "loved." Hast thou not seen the flame flare up within them; flare up, yes, but only to die down and their spirit grow cold, alas, in how brief a time! They have taken the name of love in vain. They have clothed a momentary passion in the sacred garments of love. They have thought, the better to suit their conveniences, to make over the eternal temple of love into a temporary dwelling place—a place of creature-comforts, creature-pleasures.

It shall never be so with thee, O my soul! Whatsoever comforts, whatsoever joys thou

shalt find in the presence of thy beloved shall be enduring—even the peace of a perfect understanding one of the other; the joy of an everlasting companionship, the one with the other.

Come, O Thou Spirit of Eternal Love, enter thou yet more fully into the secret places of my soul, and abide therein. . . . So shalt thou know thy beloved, O my soul; and ye, twain and yet one, shall find an abiding-place together in the "Light of Lights forever."

II

IN TIME OF SOUL-UNION

To be said together by any bride and groom.

O Eternal, Thou Presence of Love, Joy, Peace, we rejoice this day that Thy spirit hath drawn us from our hitherto separate walks, to travel henceforth together along the great highway of life. Made one now in each other we have become one in Thee. One in Thee, our joy in each other shall make our earthly habitation as a haven of quietness and contentment of spirit. One in Thee, our love of each other shall make heaven whithersoever our spirits may go together. Make us to know and understand in this very beginning of our union, spirit with spirit, that unless we, either of us, wander astray from the spirit which is in Thee and follow after more temporal things, this present love we have found in each other shall never grow dim. Joy shall be ours, and a great peace.

Abide in us, O Eternal, a continuing presence all down through the years, the happy, beautiful years. And when we come to the end of our days on this earth, this happy, beautiful dwelling-place wherein we have consecrated

and perfected our union, spirit with spirit, we shall enter together into Thy nearer presence, our joy increased, our peace confirmed and fulfilled, our love unbroken. Even so through us, Thine own trust in this ofttimes weak humanity of ours shall be abundantly vindicated!

III

IN TIME OF A CHILD'S ADVENT

To be said by any father and mother of a new-born child.

THE love in which this little one was conceived and born unto us, O Eternal, is none other than a part of the love in which Thou didst conceive the whole world within Thy spirit, the love in which Thou art continually giving birth on this earth to all true and noble souls. This selfsame love lives and moves and has its being in the bodies and hearts of all true parents. In due season it became incarnate in us, O Eternal, and lo, unto us a child is born! Here now in this hour of its nativity, and in this hour of our own solemn joy in its advent, we would fain add to this grace of love in which this new life was begotten in us the further grace of Thy wisdom—that in love we may cherish this precious little one, and in wisdom guide his groping child-spirit into Thy ways, O Eternal. Even so, by virtue of Thy presence in us this child of our love shall wax strong in spirit and grow in grace from helpless innocent babyhood into a noble and responsible manhood. May we be

an exemplar to him down through the years to come, making of this home we dedicate to him this day a habitation of Thine own spirit! Even so he, seeing in us how excellent a thing is this wisdom and how beautiful is this love, shall live to serve his fellow-kind all the days of his life, becoming to all other men even as an ensign of Thy continuing presence on this earth.

For what greater hope can any parents have of their child than this: that this babe of their love may grow up to spend his years making this earth, even as his own home, a fit habitation for Thy spirit?

IV

IN TIME OF A CHILD'S MATURING

To be said by any father whose son is attaining the stature of spiritual manhood.

I

RENEW and deepen Thy spirit of wisdom within me, O Eternal, and Thy spirit of perfect manhood, that I may counsel this child of my heart; that I may speak wisely to him of the mysteries of life, and exemplify to him the manhood which his own child-spirit is now beginning to seek after. For without Thy spirit I am nothing worth. Not even my love of him can show him the way, nor make the rough road to manhood smoother to him, the crooked way straighter. Give me the right, O Eternal, by virtue of Thine own spirit within me, give me the right to speak to him graceful words wherewith to reveal to him how beautiful a thing it is that, growing manward, he should yet continue in that innocency of spirit, that perfect joy of living which was his while yet he was a little child. Illumine my spirit with Thy spirit that, going before him and lightening the way, I may save his precious spirit from the sad disillusionment and protect

him from the ugly cynicism which in time afflicts every soul who takes the wrong way of life. Not for his soul do I pray, O Eternal, that he may be found worthy, but for my own that I may be. Wisdom! Light! O Eternal, endue me with these gifts of Thy spirit that even as in the days of his infancy I did hold his little body and steady his uncertain feet, so I may hold and guide his spirit now that he is stepping forth into the ways of manhood.

II

To be said by any mother whose daughter is putting on the beauty of spiritual womanhood.

Enter thou into the most secret places of my mother-heart, O Eternal! Make of it a fit and holy sanctuary wherein to receive this daughter of mine. Yesterday she came asking me the way into this realm of womanhood which her spirit is now seeking and longing to enter. Alas, the voice of my spirit was dumb in her presence, appalled into silence by the gravity of her look upon me, awed by the beauty of the budding womanhood I saw already shining in her still girlish face. Come, O Eternal, touch the tongue of my spirit, and let the beauty of Thy face shine upon me!

Then on the morrow, when again this child of my heart shall come into her mother's presence she shall hear in me, as it were, Thine own still small voice of wisdom and love, and see in my spirit something of that invisible beauty of womanhood with which Thou Thyself doth adorn all true daughters of Thy spirit. How beautiful a thing it is that the daughters of men should balance with their gentleness the austerities of the sons of men! Should quicken with their visions the slower-thinking, should touch with the poetry of their maiden hearts the more prosaic hearts of the sons of men! Teach me, O Eternal, thus to speak this language of Thy spirit to this child of my heart; by mine own spirit to show forth before her this tenderness and beauty and poesy which are in all true daughters of men! Oh, may she hear and see how beautiful a thing is this womanhood which is now appearing in her; may she understand how that the daughters of men in happy union with the sons of men shall one day body forth a perfect humanity on this earth, a humanity at once austere and gentle, practical though visionary, rugged yet beautiful. This perfect humanity, is it not for the advent of that on this visible earth that Thine own invisible spirit hath been travailing all

down through the ages? Give me grace, O Eternal, that this girl-child of my heart may behold in me how glorious and how honorable a thing it is for the daughters of men that they should share with Thee in that travail, and serve as channels through which that great advent shall some day come to pass on this earth! Even so my own cup of joy shall be filled to overflow in her, and my own life be completed in her.

III

To be said together by any father and mother whose earth-born child is aspiring to become a child of the Most High.

Forbid, O Eternal, that we should in any way hinder this child of our heart, or in any way darken his spirit, in this hour of his going forth toward a freer and larger life. True, we, having lived longer and harder than he, know that the way is none too easy. He will find among the beautiful flowers whose fragrance now lures him on many an ugly weed he knows not of. Much bitterness whilst seeking the sweets of life. Much darkness in the way which leads at last to Thee, the Light of Lights. The road which in this hour seems

to stretch so straight and smooth and easy before him, he shall find in many places rough and crooked and hard to travel. His heart, now light and full of joy, shall many times grow sad and heavy as he struggles—Oh, may it be none the less manfully!—along the great highway of life. These things we, having travelled far and wide through life, do know right well. But, O Thou, Eternal Spirit of Joy and Light, speak within us! Forbid, sternly forbid that any spirit of cynicism, disillusionment, disenchantment in us should ever dampen his ardor, weaken with sickly doubt his confidence, or mar with ugly "brute-facts" his divine enchantment with life! Rather, by Thy spirit of joy and light in our own souls make us to show him the way of life; how, by the miracle-working of Thy presence within, all rough and crooked places are made as though smooth and straight before him, all doubtful courses sure, all ugly places beautiful, all bitter hours sweet. May we be to him not as unwise parents, repressive of that joy and confidence in which their child shall naturally step forth into the untried years of manhood, but as fellow-travellers with him, as those who have gone that way before him, who have already taken the steps his own spirit is about

to venture on. Let him inquire of us, and make us to answer him fair! Let him hear it from our own lips and see it in our own eyes, how we, yea, many a time, have found that way hard and in many places less alluring than when first we saw it through the eyes of youth! Yea, hard but not impassable, less alluring but not disillusioning! Then he will believe us, and believing, be glad when we also tell him how, for all that, we have found this real world in a thousand ways more deeply satisfying, more enchanting, more rewarding even than the dream-world of our youth! And may it be our blessing, the only blessing our souls desire of him, to know that he is saying in his inward heart this day, "Even as my father and mother, walking together in Thy way, have found the light and the joy which are in Thee, O Eternal, so may I walk that I, coming after them, may one day hear them say, 'This is our beloved son in whom we are well-pleased!' "

V

IN TIME OF A CHILD'S EXODUS

To be said by any parent who wishes well by the children who, grown-up, are now trying their own wings outside the home-nest.

FILL me with Thy wisdom and Thy confidence in humankind, O Eternal, that without hesitation or any fear I may speed on their way these children of my heart, who one after the other are leaving the home-nest. Make me to consider the parent-birds and learn of them! How proud they are of the birdlings who are taking their first flights from the nest! Even though anxiously twittering, their hearts fast beating with fear, yet how proud they are and how ready to cheer these erstwhile nestlings on. It is as though in their dumb bird way they feel how right and how good a thing it is that these little creatures of their heart should fly each its own way, and live each its own life in the great outside! Even so, be thou wise, O my soul! Forget the loneliness of the nest now thy birdlings have flown! Be thou proud of this independence of spirit in which they have gone forth, as if by divine right, to grow their own souls within them, to

build and beautify their own habitations, to go each his own way into the years beyond!

But do Thou go with them, O Eternal! Go as a continuing Presence with these children of my spirit! For such they are to my parent-heart. In my loneliness, my soul humbling itself, I would have Thee lift them up, whithersoever they may go from the home-nest, and show them the way of life into the great beyond. Be Thou with them in their every flight and see that it be ever higher and higher, nearer and nearer to the eternal purpose Thou hast in them! Let Thy spirit rest severally upon each one of them! For even as they all, though equally beautiful and precious in my sight, do differ in spirit the one from the other, so must they also in Thy sight, O Eternal!

For a child of clear mind

Enter Thou, O Eternal, and dwell in this child of faultless mind, whose special gift is for logically supported conclusions! May his mind always be subjected to the dictates of his heart! He sees clearly enough the way humanity must take out of this present wilderness: give him the heart to lead humanity that way into the promised land!

For a child of tender heart

Enter Thou, O Eternal, and dwell in this child of tender heart, whose gift it is to share in the sorrows of the world! Give him also understanding and a clear mind that his heart may ever be governed and subdued to the counsels of reason! Give him to see the way out of the world's sorrows, and the will to follow in the same! And patience, give him patience, O Eternal, lest, while leading the way and yet waiting for his slower-moving comrades to follow after him, his heart should break for very love of them, and all hope of them die out of him!

For a child with a great gift

Enter Thou, O Eternal, and dwell in this child of great talent. Let no fear lest he should fail to increase it cause him to hide that talent away in a napkin! Let no fear lest it should flicker out in the winds of adversity which may blow upon it out in the open, let no such fear cause him to hide his light under a bushel! And, may he not waste it for things that are nothing worth, himself ignorant of how precious is this gift of Thy spirit to his spirit! Make him to see this talent, in his hours of vision, increasing and glowing with the richness and

beauty of Thine own spirit, O Eternal! Make him to know that, if so be that he invests that talent in eternal things, he shall one day hear Thy still small voice speaking to him inwardly and saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful child of My spirit! Thou hast beautified the seen things of life; I will make thee to see the unseen. Enter thou into the joy of the Eternal; and open thou with thy master spirit, open thou the eyes of thy fellowmen that they too may behold the beauties of the invisible and enter thereinto!"

For a child with a quick conscience and of serious mind

Enter Thou, O Eternal, and dwell in this child of a quick conscience, that he may know how truly great is this gift of Thy spirit to him-ward! But make him also to see, O Eternal, that it is not in Thy purpose that this gift should take out of life all that natural joy which comes of wholesome, righteous living! Make justice appear to him as a natural thing, love a liberating thing, and all life a thing of beauty and a joy forever! Make him to sing as he goes about doing his duty! Make him to work out a dream while he labors! Make him to laugh away whatsoever disaster may come his way! Make him to follow freely

his affections, not morbidly questioning, neither repressing them; but allowing them to grow within him to a natural and wholesome fruition! O Eternal, enter into the heart of this child of uneasy conscience and solemn mind that, transformed by Thy spirit of hope and confidence, he may become a spirit of perfect joy to all the world!

VI

IN TIME OF THE GREAT AWAKENING

To be said at about thirty years of age by any youth whose spirit is just coming into the wisdom of these riper years.

BEHOLD thyself, O my soul, look inward! What is this new thing thou dost observe within thee? Yesterday thou wert but a youth, merry, singing thy way through life like a carefree bird of the air; spreading thy pinions at early dawn, gathering thy food wheresoever thy flight might take thee, and by night coming home to nest, to deep sleep, as it were rocked in the cradle of the Eternal. And now what is this spirit which is today stirring within thee, urging thee to win thine own bread and to store it up against the morrow when other bread may be lacking? This spirit which, even in the midst of thy provident care for thy body, is telling thee, as in a still small voice, that a man does not live by bread alone; this spirit which would urge thee on and up to higher and still higher altitudes, so that thy flight, which yesterday was a perfect joy, today makes thy spirit to gasp with pain? Returning to thy

nesting-place at night, dost thou even wonder at times whether this spiritual manhood thou art so painfully achieving is worth the pain of achieving?

Ah, it is the spirit of wisdom growing within thee, O my Soul! It is thine own spirit ripening within thee, the wings of thy spirit growing to wider and wider spreads. And, ah, how glorious it is! . . . Who would not gladly exchange the innocency of childhood, the innocent frivolities of youth for this wisdom, this understanding joy, yea, even this purposeful pain of riper years? Who would not answer this call of the spirit of manhood which is from Thee, O Eternal? . . . It is the call of the Eternal Deep to the deep in thee, O my soul! The beauty of the Most High is calling to the beauty which is in thine own spirit! The Eternal Spirit is fitting thee to spread thy spirit-wings and ascend, ascend! The years have now multiplied upon thee; unto one score and ten they have multiplied upon thee. And if perchance they be even two score before thy final awakening, still they have all been deepening and beautifying to thy spirit, years of increasing understanding. For thou art able now in spirit to answer that call of the Eternal Spirit. With joy, wordless joy, and wonder,

speechless wonder, the spirit of manhood in thee shall respond now to that spirit of eternal manhood in which all souls shall one day be made great.

VII

IN TIME OF SICKNESS

To be said by one who is low in body.

THOU art as a quiet, mighty life-force, O Eternal! If so be I can place me within the currents of that life, this body of mine shall be restored to health and my spirit shall spend the residue of its allotted earthly days in this bodily habitation, completing therein its preparation for that larger life in Thee which is beyond every grave of the body.

Consider the little forest-creature! Sore-wounded, ill from some indiscretion into which he has been misled, whether by ignorance or greed, he finds him a quiet place by some water brook, laves his wound, partakes abundantly of its pure purging waters, and lays him down as it were in the arms of old Mother Nature. And, lo, there comes a healing of his wounds and an easing of his distemper. Or, if his wound be beyond all healing, his sickness grave unto death, he drops off into a quiet sleep, finding speechless comfort in the maternal nature-spirit which encircles him. Still sleeping, his spirit goes forth quietly and with never a struggle, whither he knoweth not but

undisturbed in his spirit, neither afraid. Something deep within his natural soul tells him that all is well! For these things he somehow knows are arranged by a wisdom far beyond his little ken. Of what therefore shall he be afraid?

So with thee, O my soul, in this hour when thy body lieth here on its bed of pain. Peace! Quiet! Confidence! This same great life-force surrounds thee and is able to quicken thy body. Enter thou, whilst still in the body, enter thou into these life-giving currents! They will cool thy fevers. They will purge thy body of its ills. They will undo thine indiscretions, shame thy body-greeds and with unconscious wisdom heal thee. Or, if the Everlasting Arms with all their radiating life-forces suffice not to save thy body from its dissolution, what hast thou to fear, thou, a living soul? Sleep! To sleep then! And whilst thy body sleepeth its last sleep, thy spirit shall go forth into what spirit-region it knoweth not, but with a great peace, confident, unafraid, knowing well that in Thy wisdom, O Eternal, these things are all arranged, and saying inwardly, "What is good for Thee, O Eternal, is good for me."

VIII

IN TIME OF OLD AGE

To be said by one whose body is waning older but whose spirit waxeth ever younger within him.

I

THY faithful old body is failing thee, O my soul! Its strength is now far gone. Thy bodily members are unable much longer to respond to the commands, or to carry out the desires of the indomitable will within thee. Try though it may, doing its utmost possible, the poor old body can go with thee only one mile now when thy spirit would fain carry thee twain.

Even so. But what cause hast thou for complaint, O my soul? Why dost thou speak words of lamentation over this far-spent body of thine? Rather speak comfortingly to it as to a faithful servant, saying, "Well done, thou old retainer! As a body-guard thou hast served me all these years, these happy beautiful years now gone by. Thou hast carried my spirit forth, far and wide, on many a glorious campaign in humanity's cause. Thou hast borne me up onto many a high mountain

whence my spirit-eyes have beheld the glories of the earth below and of the heavens above. Thou hast led me beside many still waters whereby my spirit hath felt a peace passing all my human understanding. Faithful old body, —faithful nigh unto death now, take thy well-earned rest henceforth! Enter thou comfortably upon thy down-sloping way, sauntering leisurely therein! Though it be toward the grave, go thou serenely, as one who knows, by some secret understanding knows right well, that it shall lead him into a secluded glade, a quiet resting-place, where he can lay him down and die in peace!"

II

And what of thee, O my soul? Thy spirit, must it likewise falter and tremble within thee along with this tottering of thy feeble body? Must it lie bedridden alongside of thy far-spent body, sinking with it at last into the grave? Nay, think not, O my soul, that this failing of thy body and its outward senses is in any living sense a failing of thy spirit within thee! Believe not thine eternal destiny is in any wise bound up in this death-fate of thy bodily parts! . . .

Hast thou so soon forgotten the man thou didst once know—up among the hills in the east-country? How ye two did hob and nob together—he the old man, and thou the youth —all unconscious of any separation by the years between! He was so much younger than his years, thou so much older than thine. Dost not remember him? His strength, it did seem as the strength of his own native hills, everlasting! His body waned older and yet older until he numbered his years even unto four-score ten and more. But his spirit, ah, how with every passing year his spirit waxed younger and still younger within him! And as these years passed over his palsy-shaking head, how he grew steadier and steadier in soul! And how his spirit did go at last out of his body, as it were "trailing clouds of glory"!

It were well for thee, O my soul, now that thine own body is waning to its final going down, to call to remembrance this old man of the mountains. See through this ugly fact of growing old, and thou shalt understand that it is very beautiful! Grow old as that aged companion of thine earlier years, O my soul! Like him spend thy years, be they three score and ten or four score and ten and more; live thy years in his spirit of perpetual youth!

And when the hour of thine own great departure shall come upon thee, thou shalt go forth like him as one who at last "consents to die"!

III

What then, O my soul? What though thy body is now failing thee, growing old, infirm, sick it may be unto death? Thou hast a very fountain of youth within! That spirit of youth can defy the outward years! Thou canst put on old age as a comely garment, to show how beautiful is this spirit of youth which is still in thee, forever in thee!

IX

IN TIME OF APPROACHING DEATH

To be said by one whose spirit is preparing for its great ascension.

I

Is this death knocking at thine outer door, O my soul? This increasing weakness of the physical body, this darkening of the physical eye, this muffling of the physical ear, this failing of the physical brain, is this then death? What then? What doth it matter? This death of the body is it not in the natural order of things in this physical universe? Behold the flowers of the fields! They bloom for a brief season and then wither away. The birds of the air, they ascend for their last flight, then descend to fold their wings and find peace in their nests, even the peace of death. So is it with the beasts of the forest. When their time is come, they seek out some quiet, secluded spot, make their last lair and lay them down there to die; unafraid, they, and unashamed. Yea, the very stars in their courses, though they glow for centuries and centuries, lose their radiance at last; they grow cold and

crumble away into cosmic ashes. What is man that he should think to escape this common destiny of all earthly things, or the son of man that he should resent this final blow of fate called death? His body, is it made of a finer clay that he, of all creatures, should last on forever in this flesh? And what is it in its last analysis, what is this body, that he, a living soul, should set such store by it and long to keep it by him forever?

II

Thy spirit hath dwelt in this bodily habitation for, lo, these many years, three score and ten of happy, valiant living in this flesh. Though but a frail thing of clay, it has yet supported thee in many a campaign of justice on this earth. In the very midst of this world's follies it has disciplined thee and taught thee wisdom. While yet in the body, thou hast learned to put away from thee all selfish desires and to put on that perfect love of thy fellowmen which is eternal. No wonder then if through long happy association, this old body has grown very precious, no wonder if this faithful flesh has become very beautiful in thy sight. But it has nearly finished its

course with thee, is even now loosing its hold upon thy spirit. But why this fear, why this sadness of farewell? Dost thou fear lest, Antæuslike, thou shalt lose all strength once thy spirit in death hath been lifted up from the earth out of this familiar body? Thinkest thou that in the on-coming hour of thy spirit's departure from its earthly habitation all these beautiful passions shall die out of thee—justice go out of thee, wisdom be darkened in death, love be buried alongside of thy body in its grave? Nay, not so, not so, O my soul! Thy strength cometh not from the earth without thee, but from the spirit within. In that spirit thou shalt go on from strength to strength. In all ways thou shalt surely go on from strength to strength.

III

Let there be no fear, no sadness of parting in thy heart! For it is no new thing to thee, this spirit of ascension which thou dost feel moving within, quickening thee in this hour of thy great departure. That undying spirit, how often in past years hath it lifted thee up out of sloughs of despond far deeper than even death itself! How often guided thee into and

beyond all the seeming mysteries of this earth-bound existence! How often led thee onto mountain-tops of vision! All these glories thou hast known while still in the flesh, while still hampered, hindered and ofttimes held back by this now weakened body of clay. Verily, this spirit of ascension within hath already given thee many a victory, shown thee many an enchanting prospect ahead. Surely that same spirit, incarnate in thee all these past years, shall lift up thy discarnate spirit to still farther visions, once thou art freed of this bodily weight. That spirit shall penetrate even this last mystery of death, its light shall keep on shining even in thy death-chamber, so thou shalt see, like a little child again in its mother-lighted nursery, the friendly presence of the Eternal right beside thee!

Yea, by the power of that spirit of ascension within, thou hast already, in advance of death, become a living part of a larger and freer life, a life which reacheth far beyond the grave into the boundless, far beyond this present time into the Eternal. Be sure thy spirit, thy now earthbound spirit, once it is quitted of this body, no longer shut in and held back by its encasement of clay, shall ascend yet more freely and swiftly into the life

of the Eternal! Be sure thy spirit shall go on ascending still higher by the same aspirations, enacting with still deeper passion the same purposes of justice, fulfilling still more joyfully the same spirit of love wherewith thou hast been animated whilst yet walking in the slower, harder ways of the body! Be sure, O thou aspiring soul, be very sure that what thou hast learned here in the flesh, whatsoever of justice, whatsoever of joy, whatsoever of wisdom, whatsoever of love will be still quickening thee there! Increasingly there in that larger and freer spirit of the Eternal, fructifying there, bearing all fruits of the spirit there forever. Why art thou so loth to depart from this earthly habitation, O my soul, why? Lo, this spirit of ascension is within thee! And, behold, it is none other than the spirit of joy, justice, wisdom, love already immortal in thee!

IV

This thing is certain and that my soul knoweth right well: *Spirit ruleth and riseth above Matter in this universe!* The World-Soul cometh into its own at last in souls called human. Bodily parts, sun, moon and stars together,

they are but instruments, lowly impermanent instruments of a Most High on this earth. It is the same with thee, O soul of mine! The spirit of ascension beareth witness to thy spirit that it is even so with thee. Thy bodily parts have lived and served thee well in their day; but they are now about to crumble away into the dust whence they came. But not thou, not thou, O my soul! For thee there shall be no dissolution, for thee no death. Lo, thou art already well prepared for thy further ascension toward the heights, the everlasting heights of the spirit.

v

To sleep then, thou body of flesh! Weary unto death, rest thou in thy grave! Farewell, O body of mine! Thou hast truly served me, hast well disciplined and instructed me in thy many ways. But thy day is now far spent; yet a little while and thou shalt be no more. Welcome, O Death! For where is thy victory? Welcome, O Grave! For where is thy sting? Awake, O my soul, awake! Enter thou fully and freely into that same spirit of ascension in which thou hast this long while been living and moving and finding thy life! Arise, on

wings of thy spirit arise! Go forth, rising above and beyond all bounds of space and time, into the boundless presence of the Eternal! In this selfsame spirit of ascension go forth, to put on more and more of justice, more and more of joy, more and more of wisdom, more and more of love, more and more of immortality forever, forevermore!

PART FIVE

Why Wander so far and Wide, O My Soul?

I. POWER! MAJESTY! MYSTERY!
II. LO, THERE? NAY; LO, HERE!
III. O, ALL YE POWERS OF THE EARTH!
IV. IS THIS BONDAGE?
V. WHY ASK AFTER THY NAME, O ETERNAL?

I

POWER! MAJESTY! MYSTERY!

To be said by one who thinketh the earth powers are to be compared with the power of the Eternal.

WHY dost thou wander like this, O my soul, far and wide over the earth, searching everywhere through the vast unknown for some sight . . . of what? For some sound . . . of what? For some touch . . . of what? In all thy wandering, poor wayfaring soul, hast thou yet found aught to requite thee, aught to pacify thy restless spirit, aught to satisfy thy deeper longings, this gnawing soul-hunger, this panting soul-thirst of thine?

Power thou hast found. Fleeing before the storm one day thou didst come to know the fierce power of the north wind! And majesty thou hast found. Out under the stars how often hast thou stood all through the night-watches, thy head bared, thy spirit bowed down, silenced and awed, wonder-struck in the presence of such heavenly majesty! Ah, the stars, the steadfast, unvarying stars! And mystery thou hast found. Dost thou not remember how one starless night thou didst

venture away from thy camp-fire, out beyond its friendly encircling light? And how out there thou didst fairly feel the thick darkness round about thee; and how, mystified and sore afraid, thou didst grope thy way about in the impenetrable, unfathomable shadows round about thee, wandering, wondering, pondering it all?

Yea! Power, majesty, mystery! All these thou hast found. Staggered wert thou, by the immensities all about thee, held spellbound by the far reaches of the unknown stretching away into endless space! Like a child, thou, lost in the dark; like a dumb animal, thou, wandering through the night!

II

LO, THERE? NAY, LO, HERE!

To be said by one who would fain acquaint himself with the power and majesty and mystery of his own soul.

THOU shalt never find that nearer presence thou seekest, O my soul, never by wandering like this. Nay, not though thou shouldest take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea; not though thou shouldest fly out and up, far away into the empyrean and beyond the very most distant stars themselves. Not by searching shalt thou find this closer presence; not by turning this way, now in, and that way, now out; not by pointing this way, now down, and that way, now up, crying "Lo, there is its secret place! Lo, there it is in all its power, majesty, mystery!" Not by wandering thus far and wide, though it were to the very last boundary lines between the here and the there, not though thou shouldest press on never so courageously, through all the trails of the known to the very frontiers of the unknown! Not thus shalt thou find the secret place of the Most High, nor

enter into that beloved, sought for, longed for presence!

That presence! O my soul, hast thou not known? Has it not been told thee of old? That presence is nowhere outside thee, that thou shouldest go even into the unknown seeking it. It is not afar off, that thou shouldest search for it in some vast beyond. Lo, it is here! Within thee! O, it is, it is! Closer to thee, O my soul, closer than thine own hands and feet, nearer than thine own breathing! Look within, within thine own self, and, lo, thou shalt find there its secret place, its habitation, inviting thee to abide there forever! A presence to enlighten and quiet thee all the days of thy life, thine everlasting life! Naught can ever separate thee from that near presence! Naught save the veil of thine own ignorance, folly, impurity of heart.

Cease thy wandering then, O my soul! Enter thou into the secret places of thine own heart. Firmly, gently cast out whatsoever evil is in the outer courts there! And, lo, the veil shall be drawn aside. Thou shalt find there in the holy of holies the living presence thou hast this long while sought after. In the power of that presence thou shalt renew thine own far-spent strength. Thou shalt grow invul-

nerable in all ways of the spirit. Partaking of the serene, inward majesty of that presence, thou, too, shalt rise above all low desires, all impure passions, all vain conceits, and, subjecting thy spirit to the spirit of the Most High Within, thou, even as the stars in their courses, shalt move steadfastly in thine own courses of justice, righteousness, love, on toward thine own true destiny. Face to face at last with the mystery of that presence which has this long while eluded thee, thou shalt find it to be none other than the mystery of thine own inner spirit, the unfathomable depths, the unsearchable reaches of justice, righteousness, love in thine own soul.

Verily, that presence is here, O my soul! Yea, here, there, and everywhere, if so be thou hast eyes of the spirit to behold it. In fullness here, there, everywhere! On the right hand of thy spirit and on its left! Above thee, beneath thee! In the depths of thy spirit and on the heights. Here, there, everywhere, all about thee, all within thee, that presence is, is, is! No barriers between that and thee! "*I am,*" saith that presence within thee, "*I am everywhere. Everywhere visible to him who hath eyes to see. Everywhere audible to him who hath ears of the spirit to hear my voice*

speaking within him." Cease thy wandering then, O my soul. The presence is here! Within thee! Strength is thine, and majesty, and mystery! Even the strength of thine own inward purposes, the majesty of thine own passion for justice, the mystery of thine own abiding and abounding love! Rejoice, weary wanderer! Thy search is over! Henceforth, through all thy remaining years the great highway of life shall stretch beautiful before thee. Thou shalt go and continue in that presence from henceforth and forever. And none shall make thee afraid, neither shalt thou be ashamed any more.

III

O ALL YE POWERS OF THE EARTH!

To be said by any who would fain drive out the spirit of fear by the spirit of an inner understanding.

O ALL ye powers of the earth, powers of light, powers of darkness, how is it that ye do strike terror to my soul? Glory is thine, and beauty, and majesty and mystery! My soul must needs bow down before you. But why, O, why should it so often be a sore-afraid manner of bowing, a prostrating of the soul as of a subject before his ill-tempered overlord, a fawning as of a bondservant before his cruel-minded master? Power is thine, O ye North Wind, great power; but how often art thou reckless, seeming cruel, heartless! Mystery is in thee, O thou darkling storm-cloud; but, alas, what unknown disaster is this thou bringest in thy wake? Beauty is yours, O ye Stars, and great glory; but, ye seem so far away! Ye leave me cold, feeling alone and friendless down here! O Darkness, thou symbol of the Great Unknown, e'en while thou movest my soul to its depths, thou dumb-foundest me; something in thee doth leave my

soul silenced before that Unknown, silent and afraid!

For shame, O my soul! that thou shouldest feel thyself so bound by these earth-powers, that thou shouldest thus fear before them? Art thou not greater than they, a free, a winged spirit, untouchable by any earthbound powers of evil? Defying them if need be, harnessing them and driving them in thine own ways? Art thou lower in spirit than they that thou shouldest stand awed before them, and move servile to their dumb bidding? Canst thou not outwit them and subject them, even by their own laws subject them to do thine own bidding? Yea, thou hast somewhat to learn of them the while. Constancy is theirs. Whereas thou, O my soul, alas, thou art so often inconstant, so easily turned aside from thy self-appointed course, wandering forever hither, thither, never sure of thyself, nowhere finding any true way nor abiding therein!

It were well for thee, O my soul, to consider these powers of darkness, and these powers of light. Bow down and humble thyself before them! Be still and learn of them! Thou hast naught to fear, and much to learn of them, even a strength of purpose like unto theirs—steadfastness of mind, glory of soul, a feeling

for beauty and a sense of mystery. Insensate, blind, unconscious though they be, these powers round about thee, can at least lead thee into ways of constancy, quietness, humility. This quietness, this constancy, this humility, in truth they are the very doors of the spirit through which thou mayest enter into that inner chamber, that secret place of the heart where dwelleth the presence thou hast this long while sought after. And in that presence thou shalt find out at last the glory, and beauty and majesty of thine own spirit, in which is no fear, neither any darkness at all, nor any false-leading lights. Why dost thou stand any longer without like this, O soul of mine, half afraid, awe-struck, mystified day and night? Throw open the doors, and in all humility enter into that nearer presence! There, thou shalt take on something of that spirit in which is no variableness, nor shadow of turning, neither any darkness at all. Then, thou shalt go up and down this earth, still glorying in its power, still bowing down before its majesty, still mystified by all its mystery, still entering into all its beauty; but nothing daunted now, for nothing shall make thee afraid, neither shall any doubt or dread of life turn thee aside any more. Shining in the light of that presence,

the whole earth shall be full of a majesty, a glory, a beauty, a mystery like unto thine own spirit. Thou shalt walk the earth with head in the air,—free, invulnerable, immortal!

IV

IS THIS BONDAGE?

To be said by one who, set upon by the law of the natural world, would fain find freedom in the law of his own spirit.

THOU, even Thou, art bound by the law, O Eternal! Not even Thou canst change the courses of the stars, nor stay the meteor in its fall, nor harness the thunderbolt and turn it aside from the habitations of Thy well-beloved humanity. Thy spirit can compass none of these ends. Art Thou any the less free? The stars, the thunderbolts, do these hinder or prevent Thee in any of the ways of Thy spirit? Is it not still within Thy power and Thy purpose to change the hearts of earth-born men, to harness with love our unruly passions, lest they destroy our very souls, to stay us in our meteoric descent into outer darkness, that habitation of all unbridled spirits, that place of the soul's black death at last? . . . And if the Eternal is thus bound past loosing by insensate matter, and has no choice but to accept it in all its ways, who art thou, O my soul, that thou shouldst ask exemption from these seeming harsh decrees of Nature? And

what is matter that thou shouldst stand in terror of its ways when out under the stars at night, fearful lest one should fall upon thee and crush the very life out of thee, or when fleeing before the storm lest some thunderbolt should rive thee? Do these things *matter?* Have they power to hinder any brave spirit, or halt him, or so much as cause him to pause in his straight way toward the Eternal? Earth-bound thou art indeed, O soul of mine, bound in many unalterable ways to universal matter, linked with many mechanical chains to cosmic nature! But is this bondage? To any heaven-born spirit is this bondage? What though thou be bound to earth by these body ties? Art thou not free, in every spiritual sense free? Though thy body be bound to the earth, is not love still boundless within thee? Though thou be swept off the earth by the hurricane, riven by the thunderbolt, thy body crushed to death by the avalanche, art thou not still free, thy spirit still unbowed within thee, thy spirit still uncloven, thy spirit still free, defiant, unconquerable?

V

WHY ASK AFTER THY NAME, O ETERNAL?

To be said by one who by device of a name thinketh to find out the Eternal.

THOU art here a living presence, O Eternal! Why should my soul ever seek to call Thee by some name, or think to confine thee as a word between my outward lips? Thy spirit is one with mine. What causes have I to salute Thy majesty from afar off, to lay court to Thy beauty? Thy presence is here within me, in the majesty, in the beauty of mine own being. And it is enough. What further need hath my soul to call upon Thy name?

Is it that I hope and pray by such word devices to subject Thy high Spirit to these petty earth plans of mine, these desires of my flesh, these lawless passions, these earth crawling ambitions? Nay, not so; not so shall I drag Thy powers down to serve any low purposes whatsoever. Is thy Spirit far away that my soul must call upon it with loud sounding words? Nay, Thou art very near to every man-soul of us. Deep covered though Thy Spirit be, it is there, beneath all the unlovely

débris of these earthly desires and passions of mine; and it shall yet come breaking through! O Thou Nameless, Thou shalt come with Thy spirit of majesty, of beauty, Thy purposes of justice, love, peace! Thou shalt cleanse my soul of all evil devices, all unclean thoughts, all mortal passions. And my soul shall live, live in this Thine inner presence. Nor shall there be need to call upon Thee by name any more, O Thou Nearness, O Thou Here, O Thou Now, O Thou Eternal. . . .

Will that Spirit hear me for my much shouting thus to high heaven: "Lord, Lord, open sesame, Lord!"; or take account of me for my many repetitions? Nay, not so; not thus shalt thou contrive to force open the door into that secret presence, O my soul! Vain is all thy much speaking, vain all thy stammering of words, words! . . .

O Eternal, Thy Spirit hath not changed its ways, nor hath the human heart forgotten its speechless longings for Thy presence. Even as of old Thy secret place is in the humble, contrite spirit. Even as of old Thy Spirit listeneth more to our heart than to our lips. It is in the quiet hours and in the silent places that Thou comest upon me, O Eternal. Unbidden, unheralded, nameless, Thou comest I

know not whence. But this I do know: Thou fillest my mute soul with all manner of articulate purposes, my foolish mind with unutterably lucid understanding, my measured heartbeats with immeasurable love. Whereas I was once blind, now I see!

Wherefore, indeed, is it that I ask after Thy name? When Thou comest, O Nameless One, it is not with a title whereby my soul may call upon Thy majesty from afar, but as a presence whereby I feel Thee near. In these moments of quietness and secretness my soul knoweth right well that Thou art, and feeleth Thee where Thou art, O Thou Eternal Presence! E'en while my lips are sealed and my tongue for very wonder cleaves to the roof of my mouth, something within touches, and with its quiet secret magic opens this heart of mine; and, lo, Thou art there! Something: it may be only a clump of autumn leaves soft-glowing on yonder hillside! Something: it may be only a light shining from the face of the companion of my fireside! Something: it may be only the advent cry of my first-born! Something: it may be only an act of kindness, a deed of justice, mercy, love on the part of some stranger passing by! Something: it may be only a sense of awe as when my soul standeth out

under the stars at night, or, as when, safe in some covert from its fury, I stand glorying in the thunderbolt and in the power of its might! Something, some touch of indescribable beauty, some feeling of speechless awe, some breath of unutterable love, something touches this heart of thine, O my soul, and, lo, that presence is there!

PART SIX

The Eternal Likeness

I. A FOUNTAIN IN A THIRSTY LAND
II. A DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH
III. A BREATH OF WIND BY DAY
IV. A CLOUD BY NIGHT
V. A HIGHLAND LAKE

I

A FOUNTAIN IN A THIRSTY LAND

To be said by one whose soul panteth for the Water of Life.

Thou art like a fountain in a thirsty land, O Eternal! As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so goeth my soul thirsting for Thee. Thy presence is as water of life to my parched spirit. As water seeketh its own level at its source among the eternal hills, so doth my spirit seek its soul level in Thee, O Thou Most High; so find its true refreshment in Thee, Thou Fountain-source of Life Eternal! Alas, O my soul, alas, that thou shouldst so often seek thy life in sources lower than that Presence!

Does the stream of thy life grow sluggish and its waters become brackish within thee? It is because thou dost neglect to refresh thy spirit, day and night to refresh thee, in the Eternal Water-Brook. Does this Fountain of Life grow shallow within thee, O my soul, nothing better than a thin trickling through the arid waste places of thy life? Look thou to the channels of thine own onflowing life! It is they that are shallow, narrow, dammed up with

all the flotsam and jetsam, the useless, worn-out, unworthy things which thou hast vainly thought to carry with thee in thy course toward the Eternal. It is they that have hindered and befouled, not the Fountain of Life itself, but the channels. That Fountain, now as of old, is forever seeking in the souls of men an adequate outlet for the pure, deep water of its own life. Deepen thee, O my soul, with motives of justice, broaden thee with impulses of love, clear thee of this dam, this rubbish-dam with which in thy beaverlike gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at earthly things thou hast all but closed thy true life-stream! Deepen it, broaden it, clear it; and, lo, the Fountain of Life will again pour freely into and through thee! From out the unknown somewhere it will surely come in a perfect rush of purifying water of life.

It is here, that Presence! Here to bless thee with its refreshing spirit; here in thine own secret depths; here to overflow all thy arid places with its water of life; here to sweep away all the dams which now do hinder its free flow through the channels of thy life; here to clarify thy life-stream of all the mire, the mire wherein the beasts within thee have hitherto been wallowing—in deadly contentment wallowing! It is here! This Fountain of Life is

here, here, here! All ready within thee! Even while thou dost hesitate, questioning It in thy heart, it is here, O my soul, ready to inundate thee with its nameless strength of spirit, its unsearchable wisdom, its unspeakable love. Come, without money and without price, without question and without words, come, O my soul, and partake of that water of life! Partake freely of that Fountain! And thou shalt be no more as a thirsty land but as a quiet countryside flowing with life eternal.

II

A DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH

To be said by one who vainly thinketh to comprehend the Light of the Eternal and to call upon it by name.

WHAT is this within thee, O Eternal, this enlightenment my soul doth always find in Thy presence? To what shall I liken it and how call it by name?

Thou art like unto a dayspring from on high, deep hidden within my very being, abundant in Thy secret sources, full and flowing with exhaustless, resourceful wisdom, unfathomable love. Yes, abundant, exhaustless, resourceful, unfathomable! But however can I name Thee by Thy true name, Thy one name above all other names? How—hidden away as Thou art in the unknown somewhere? And, except I name Thee, how can I ever call upon Thee in my hours of weakness, exhaustion, and emptiness of spirit? How, O Thou Nameless One, how?

Nameless? Nay, what need have I to call upon Thee by name? Thou art! Thou art strength, light, wisdom, love! What want have I of other name for Thee? What need to know

Thee other than as the sure source of whatsoever strength, light, wisdom, love, my soul can ever require of Thee? Somewhere, I know not where? Nay, Thou art *here*, deep hidden within mine own very being. If for all my searching I find Thee not, it is because I seek Thee not in the secret places, nor in the high altitudes of my own soul where only Thy nameless presence is found.

III

A BREATH OF WIND BY DAY

To be said by one who would fain set the wings of his spirit so that even adverse winds will further him in his flight.

LIKE as a breath of wind by day Thou comest, O Eternal, to cool my drooping spirit whilst my soul is bearing, as best it can, the heat and burden of the day. . . .

Days come when thou art as dust within me, O my soul; dried up, parched, all but dead. Hours when even thou wouldst fain curse thy fate and die! And then, lo, a breath of wind begins to breathe over thee! Faint and seemingly hot and oppressive, it comes sighing round about thee, stirring up that dry dust of thy spirit. At first thine inward confusion is still worse confounded. "Woe is me! A wind of adversity is coming upon me," thou criest out in despair. "Oh, if only it would pass me by and go on its way, leaving my spirit to settle down into dust again, settle down and die. Better death itself, better this death in the desert, better this peace, even though it be indeed the peace of death, better this calmness of utter despair, better this supine sub-

mission to the evil forces which have thus laid me low! Better death in the dust than that I should arise to live once more, only to be surely crushed to earth again!"

Foolish, foolish, O my soul, that thou shouldst thus cry out against these winds of fate. Didst thou but know, it is a kindly fate that blows upon thee in these hours of seeming disaster and spiritual death. It is the Eternal Spirit, none other than Its breath of life stirring within thee, blowing the dust from off thy low-lying soul, seeking if haply it may rouse thy spirit from its lethargy, seeking by its gentle main-force to carry thee away from this torrid place of thy life, away from this place of impending soul death, and to waft thee into the life-giving, more temperate presence of the Eternal! . . .

Breathe on me these days, O Eternal! Breathe on me in these torrid, death-dealing places of my soul, and I shall live again! Blow upon me, O Wind of Life! Blow, blow, all gently at first but with the ever-increasing power of thy might, until at last this very dust shall be lifted up and transformed into wings of the spirit! Make me to arise again! And risen, thus deeply stirred, thus strangely refreshed, I shall set these wings of my spirit,

so set them that the very winds of adversity shall lift me up, higher and yet higher into the realms of Thy spirit. Coolness of life shall be mine then, calmness of spirit, peace of soul. Not in death now to find peace; but in Thy presence to find life, life forever more and more abundant.

IV

A CLOUD BY NIGHT

To be said by any who would fain penetrate every cloud and behold how that its silver lining is none other than the Light of the Eternal shining upon it.

LIKE as a cloud Thy spirit cometh to hover over me by night, O Eternal! In the night-watches my spirit is covered by Thy presence! Yea, though my soul be as an arid land, hot with despair, a barren waste-place, as dust within me, even so, Thy presence shall calm me, Thy spirit refresh me.

. . . . . .

Come, as a cloud, O Eternal Presence, a cloud bearing water of life to meward! Come and break over me this night! Fall pouring over me, drenching my spirit, overflowing my soul with Thy showers of wisdom! Come, come! Beat upon me as a storm passing over a dry land! Cleanse my soul of its mortifying parts! Enrich my soul as with fresh soils of the spirit! Quicken my soul as with water of life from on high! Fall pouring over me this night, O Eternal! Come, come, touch my spirit with Thy quickening spirit, and my soul shall

arise to live another day, refreshed, rejuvenated, immortalized! Immortalized, my soul shall live for those passions of justice and love which are in Thee, O Eternal! Immortalized, my soul shall be abundantly satisfied with the good things of Thy spirit, and everlasting joy shall be mine. Immortalized, my soul shall live for the things which do never perish, for the incorruptible riches which are in Thee, O Eternal! And I shall know no want.

V

A HIGHLAND LAKE

(An Allegory)

To be said by one who without fear or doubt goeth down into deep waters.

TO WHAT shall we liken Thee, O Eternal? How make a word-image of Thine ever-renewing presence within us?

Thou art like unto that lake a solitary traveller came upon one day, hidden away in a rocky and all but inaccessible highland. There it lay, calm, beautiful, deep, like a jewel set in the encircling rock cliffs. But what strange phenomenon was this he beheld? Unlike all the other and lower-down lakes of that same region, this one appeared to be without source, supplied by no visible or discoverable inlet. Range about it and search it though he did, this astonished wanderer could nowhere find any stream flowing into that lake, nowhere any source of renewal, no discernible means for the replenishing and refreshing of its waters. Outlets he found, on all sides outlets through which it kept pouring its purifying waters into the valleys below, but of inlets not

one! And yet—strange and inexplicable—as he cupped his hands and drank of its waters, they tasted not salt to his lips, as one would expect, not bitter, but very sweet and uncommonly quickening. And what further marvel was this? He lingered for hours that first day by this lake, testing its depth and noting its high-water mark. Yea, for many weeks he sojourned on its banks. Each day visiting it—and often in the night-watches—and always with his measuring rod; each day fearing in his heart to find its waters grown salt and bitter; each day troubled lest his rod should show its waters receded and gone down during the night-watches. "Surely," he kept saying in himself, "surely this lake cannot be forever like this, not forever? In time it must exhaust even its hidden resources, this downpouring lake of many outlets but no apparent inlet. It is not in the nature of things to give thus perpetually and abundantly with never a pause for any renewal of its living waters. Surely it must lose itself, in time completely lose itself in the valleys below." But no; for all that it kept on, day after day, night after night, pouring its refreshing, sweetening waters in such generous measure into the lowlands, this highland lake never did grow less, neither in its

outpourings, nor in its freshness and fullness of life.

Thus he dwelt there, for days and nights, marvelling at this strange phenomenon, and meditating upon it, always with the hope in his heart of surprising its secret. As he meditated, his eyes looked down into the valleys below where the unmeditative herdsmen were watering their cattle at lake-fed streams, the source whereof they knew not, neither did they so much as stop to wonder. . . . And then one day, as he was still gazing anxiously upon his beloved lake and again marvelling at the seeming miracle of it, an old inhabitant of that region happened his way, one who all his life long had partaken of these waters and watered his sheep and his fields from that lake's overflow. He, too, had searched and had meditated; even more deeply than our bewildered wayfarer. And seeing our stranger was much troubled in spirit this one spoke, saying, "Doth this mystery baffle thee, my brother, and disquiet thee? Dost thou fear lest with all this prodigal outpouring the lake itself should go dry and a drought fall upon the fair fields below there? Listen, brother, and I will reveal this mystery to thee. . . . I, too, when younger did search on the borders of this lake.

For many years did I search it about and about, but ever without finding any in-letting stream, or any miraculous bringing of waters from on high, to account for its marvel of freshness and abundance. I, too, did stand by, even for years, to measure it; and my rod grew old with much use, and sogged with much dipping into the waters. Then one day—it was not so many years ago—I threw away my measuring rod, forsook my former ways of waiting and watching, and divesting myself of what rags were still left of my outer garments, in a sort of frenzy I threw myself into the waters of the lake itself! 'Better death itself,' I cried in my soul. 'Better die and be done with it than waste the precious years in this endless wandering, or, still worse, in this profitless waiting beside the Lake of Life itself!' You see, brother, I had waited so long! I had wandered so far about its banks, vainly hoping to surprise its secret! In this hour of my frenzy, this my mood of despair, it seemed almost as if my beloved lake were mocking me with its never-ceasing, seeming senseless flowing, flowing, flowing. No doubt my much searching had made me mad! 'Better death,' I cried again and again, 'better that my life should go down and be submerged in the still

waters of the lake itself; better to die there in its depths than go on questioning, questioning, forever questioning but with never an answer to silence and solace my inquiring soul!'

"Thus in a kind of desperation of soul, a desperation approaching madness, I plunged one day into the lake itself. All hope given up of ever solving its mystery, I plunged in, courting death itself rather than this unhappy, lonely life, with no companion save my own mystified, anxious soul. I plunged in, all naked and unashamed, into the Lake of Life. Soon beyond my depth, my poor human depth, I swam on bottomward as best I could, longing to make my grave there in the depths. I dived deep down, hoping to find peace at last, even though it should be, as I eagerly expected, the peace of death. And as my weary, heavy laden, half-gone body sank like a dead weight down, deeper and yet deeper down, to the uttermost depths of that seeming silent, indifferent lake, a strange thing came to pass. I felt cool currents passing over my now half-suffocated body, currents shocking me into life again, currents lifting me up, the while they made this old body shiver with new life. Awakened from my stupor, alive again, I swam, in quite another sort of frenzy now, a frenzy for

life; I swam with these soul-reviving currents up to the surface once more, strangely renewed, eager for life, for life more and more abundant, my very soul, as it were, resurrected, alive with a wisdom and a joy I had somehow drawn up with me from those depths into which my very despair had plunged me.

"And as I stood at last on the lakeshore, drenched, dripping, naked there, deep wrapped in meditation as in a garment, I understood this seeming marvel which had so long baffled me, me with my measuring rod! How simple it all was, once I measured it not with a rod but with my own death-defying soul! This lake here is fed from springs, my brother, springs deep hidden within its own bosom. Secret springs do constantly renew it and keep its waters forever sweet, pure, quickening. It was these deep-down springs which did shock me into life that day; and whereas before my despairing plunge into its depths I was ready and eager to die, they did make me long to live again, to live more and more abundantly. Deep hidden, do I say? Yea, issuing from some source unfathomable by any human body? Yea, deep, unfathomable; but there! Seeming exhaustless there, forever there, pouring forth their waters of refreshment into the

lake-body and thence into the fruitful valleys below!

"You will forgive me, brother, if I say to you that the marvel to me now is not this lake itself where I have dwelt all my life long and into whose familiar but until then baffling waters I plunged on that memorable day, to me the marvel is that you should never have taken this same plunge into the Lake of Life. You have travelled far and wide, high up and down over many mountains; you must have encountered many lakes of this same seemly mysterious kind. Strange, is it not, that you of all men should never have made the plunge, the final plunge into the depths where alone is any right understanding, any deep wisdom? Understanding, wisdom, O my brother, these are to be found only by plunging into the depths, whether it be into the depths of a highland lake or into the depths of your own soul."

He was right, that habitué of the depths, that seer into the heart of things. My soul is like unto that highland lake, O Eternal! Its borders often, alas all too often, trampled into mire by my more beastly passions for life; its surface often, alas how often, heated with shallow, impotent rage against what it pleases

to call its evil fate and scummed over with impure thoughts; its upper waters turned bitter, salt, unpotable by the foul atmosphere of despair which, alas, does too often settle down upon my superficial soul, the hours of despair, cynicism, disillusionment, leaving the shallow waters of my soul all brackish bitter-tasting to all my fellowmen who partake of the spirit of depression which is in me! And yet every soul that has ever dived deep as did that old man of the mountain, every such soul-man knows and can testify that far down below the surface of this human, alas, all too human life the springs of eternal life are still flowing; my soul knoweth not from what secret life still flowing! A very Presence in the depths there, ever ready to refresh my soul with its pure life-bearing waters! Yea, they are there, these springs of the spirit, forever flowing; my soul knoweth not from what secret source, but there, steadily there with a constancy which passes all my human understanding.

Steadily there! And after the beasts have had their way with me, have muddied the surface waters of my life and left the same all bitter upon me, have driven the man-spirit in me into the depths of despair, after they have

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had their way with me, and withdrawn again into the jungle whence they came, to mock the man-spirit and to corrupt the water of life within me; then, ah then, Thy spirit doth arise slowly out of the depths, out of the depths of Thine own soul within me, O Eternal! Out of Thy secret place, with Thy spirit of purity, Thou dost arise to cleanse my soul of every brute impurity. Thou dost come with Thy spirit of health to restore my sick soul! Thou dost come with Thy spirit of joy to transmute my despair into a spring of joy!

Yea! out of the depths my soul doth partake of the secret-springs of life, that life which is in Thee, O Eternal! And thus renewed and restored I live again! The water of life rises once more within me. And having risen it goes pouring down again into the valleys, joyfully pouring through me into the valleys of life, there to give of its refreshment, there to carry some share of its wisdom to other men, to the valley-dwellers there who, like myself of yore, are living out their days in folly and their nights in a darkness of despair like unto death. O, wonderful, wonderful! For, as my soul poureth it forth freely and without stinting, it is as if I could hear the shouting of kindred souls in the far valley below, the

glad cry: "The lake up there is flowing pure again! It has not utterly failed us! It has not gone salt! The beasts have not had their way with it! It has a soul, verily it has, that lake, a soul hidden somewhere within its very depths. Its water of life is again pouring over us in abundant streams! Joy! Joy!"

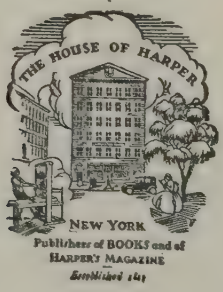
Even so—wonderful, wonderful!—O my soul, thou dost become as a stream of water flowing from out the soul of the Eternal into the lives of thy fellowmen, into the very valleys where they are bearing as best they can the heat and burden of the day. Therefore, learn wisdom and get understanding, my soul! Daily understanding, nightly wisdom. Remember thou to descend by day into the depths of the Eternal, and by night to renew thy life at the secret springs, which are forever there. Life is surely there, and wisdom and joy enough for thee, enough and to share with all thy fellowmen.

Alas, that I should ever submit my soul to be beast-trampled! Alas, that I should expose my soul like this to the superficial airs of depression which do so often, ah, so often, settle down over me! Alas, that I should not know, nor ever stop to consider that other souls, men, women, little children so far away I can

scarcely hear their cries, are in want of Thee, O Eternal, and waiting for me to pour forth of Thy spirit upon them; to refresh them with Thy water of life! Revive me this day, O Eternal! Quicken me with the knowledge of Thy presence deep down within me! Knowledge, whose other name is wisdom! Wisdom, whose fruit is joy! Secret understanding, wisdom, joy! Out of the depths bring me understanding, wisdom, joy, O Eternal! Give unto my soul these things of Thy spirit and I shall live, live! Ever refreshed from Thy secret springs, forever purified it knoweth not how, filled with perpetual joy it knoweth not why, my soul shall live! Seeing how gracious and beautiful I have found Thy spirit, other men shall partake of that selfsame spirit within their own depths and also be glad, glad! Yea, the very beasts on my soul-borders, drinking of this miracle-working water of life which is now in me, shall be transformed into the likeness of men; yea, the low brute-spirit within them shall be transmuted into the likeness and spirit of the Most High! Thus, O soul of mine, thus immersed in the depths of the Eternal Spirit, thou shalt become as a healing to all the sick souls, as a joy to all the sorrowful round about thee! Every weary wanderer who comes thy

way, though it be but to pass thee by, shall be strangely cheered by the sight of thee, every thirsting soul strangely renewed by even this passing taste of the water of life which is in thee.

For there is no containing of this water of life, once a man has tapped the source thereof in the depths of his own soul! Out of the depths of his own soul this water will rise from its secret place in Thee, O Eternal! It will rise and overflow all bounds. Out of its abundance it will pour forth through him into every valley and into every secret place of the whole earth! Whosoever will, let him partake thereof and he shall be whole, and sound, and happy and alive again!



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